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The Week

GREAT BRITAIN has achieved nothing less than a master stroke of diplomatic strategy by the hint that her navy might be put at the disposal of the League of Nations for blockade against a power found guilty of aggressive warfare. Practical realization of any such proposal of course lies far in the future. Some sort of plan for outlawing war and compelling arbitration of disputes must first be worked out and accepted by the powers. The British offer, however, has at once and permanently diminished an embarrassment by which she would otherwise be confronted in all discussions of disarmament. The chief military forces in Europe today are the French and Russian armies and the British navy. For years the British have urged the desirability of reducing the French military establishment. MacDonald in his speech at Geneva a fortnight ago flatly declared that peace is always endangered as long as any armies whatever continue to exist. To this contention the French, if they cared to be rude enough, could reply with a pot and kettle argument, based on the British fleet. Despite all fine words about disarmament, the British believe that fleet to be a necessity to their empire. This dilemma, if not solved, has been greatly bettered by the new suggestion. It was made, in the customary casual English fashion, in the course of an argument for the British reservation to the compulsory arbitration feature of the Permanent Court of International Justice. Great Britain did not wish to be held responsible under that clause, it was explained, for acts committed on the high seas, if the British navy were being used to enforce an embargo declared by the League of Nations against some recalcitrant power.

BY this innocent-sounding suggestion, the status of the British navy has been altered in public opinion if not in law; for if the obligation already existed under the Covenant, no one realized it. The navy continues to serve its useful purposes for the empire. But it also becomes, whenever the need arises, the beginning—and a pretentious beginning, too—of a supernational police force such as League of Nations advocates used to dream of. Moreover, to the French the suggestion contains at least a strong hope of that military alliance with Great Britain which they have sought repeatedly but in vain since Armistice Day, 1918. The French think always of aggression only as German aggression committed against themselves. They read the British proposal as meaning an offer to blockade Germany in case of another war. They would hesitate long before reducing their armament in exchange for such a guarantee, but they would be glad to have it. In fact, even a promise that Great Britain would not be found on the opposite side would be welcome to the realistic French thinkers, who have read history closely enough to know how often and how quickly partners can be changed in the quadrille of the great powers.

IF the British suggestion should become a reality, it would add to the embarrassment produced by the present foreign policy of the United States. Under it, Great Britain could act toward our shipping on the high seas in whatever way military exigencies demanded, without being held accountable before the World Court. Her existing treaties with the United States would, of course, remain in force, but she would know that in a dispute with this country she would have at her back the League of Na-

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tions and all its members. Such an eventuality may seem remote, and perhaps it is; yet it could be brought about within a year's time. The policy of aloofness is one which becomes increasingly difficult as even a little reality begins to inject itself into the operations of the League in international affairs.

THE New York Times recently explained in an unusually frank editorial why it believes the voters should support Mr. Davis at the polls in November. It thinks the chief danger by which the country is confronted is the formation of a third party:

> The special danger would be that if something like a labor party were to be launched in this country we should have a sharp division among our citizens, not according to sectional lines or political principles, but according to the supposed interest of a single body among our citizenship... We see what is already happening in England. Steady-going Americans do not want that experiment repeated here... The question comes down to this—will the success of the Republican party, or that of the Democratic party tend more to weaken and break up the third party movement? In our opinion, the weight of this particular argument is in favor of the Democratic party... By tradition and inheritance, that party numbers within its ranks many more than the Republicans can pretend to of those representing the very kind of political material from which Senator La Follette hopes to draw his support. If these men and women see the Democratic party successful in the election, they will be strongly inclined to cling to it and work through it.

THIS candid appeal to conservatism is at least more intelligent than the usual argument against a third party. Generally the hostile critic assumes that this development would mean the indefinite continuance of three parties, and the recurring likelihood that elections would be thrown into the House. But nothing of the sort is probable. For years political observers of all shades of opinion have been pointing out the virtual lack of any difference between the Republican and Democratic parties. A member of the right wing of either is far closer to a member of the right wing of the other than he is to a member of the left wing of his own. If a genuine third party should develop, it would draw into its ranks the liberals from both parties, while the country's conservatives would remain, perhaps in two camps but more probably united under one banner, very likely the Republican. Such a realignment would breathe new vitality into American political life. It would abolish, one may hope, the well nigh endless hypocrisy and cant which result at present from the fact that both the old parties try to be all things to all men. It should prove in this country as it has in Great Britain an effective safeguard against the propaganda of revolutionary communism.

THIS development the Times regards as a dreadful catastrophe, to be avoided at all cost. But the Times conveniently overlooks the point of view of some millions of Americans who would regard the creation of an American equivalent for the British Labor party as anything but a misfortune. It goes on to what we regard as a highly improbable assumption: that a Democratic administration under John W. Davis would be sufficiently liberal to satisfy those American citizens at present enrolled under the banner of La Follette. Is there any evidence whatever that this would be the case? The convention of 1924 proved, we think, that the liberalism with which Woodrow Wilson temporarily endowed his party has almost entirely disappeared. The South is the citadel of the Democracy; and the dominant feeling in the South today is a conservatism which differs on specific details of program but not in spirit from that of Mr. Coolidge's New England. As the South becomes more industrialized, its conservatism will increase. It seems to us outside the bounds of probability that Mr. Davis, if elected and given the support of a Democratic House and Senate, would be willing or able to conduct such a fight against special privilege and on behalf of the rights of the common man as would satisfy the followers of Mr. La Follette.

SUPPORTERS of the La Follette-Wheeler ticket will find themselves called upon to exercise unusual care and intelligence in marking their ballots in November. In a number of states there are candidates for reëlection who deserve the hearty support of good liberals and yet for one reason or another have found it imperative to remain under the Democratic or Republican banner. In two states which lie side by side there are contrasting examples of this situation. In Idaho Senator Borah is running as a Republican; and in Montana Senator Walsh is running as a Democrat. The loss of either from the Senate would be a real public calamity. Those who watched Senator Walsh's magnificent work in the oil investigation last winter and saw the admirable qualities he displayed as chairman of the National Democratic Convention, will find it hard to conceive that the people of Montana could show themselves so insensible to his fine qualities as to fail to reëlect him, yet the Montana situation is so complicated with local issues that this appears not impossible. We believe it would be most unfortunate, not only because the Senate needs men of Walsh's fine intellectual and moral qualities, but because his repudiation at the polls would be generally interpreted as a repudiation of his work in exposing the corruption of the Harding régime. Complaisance with venality is not confined to either of the old parties. We have in the past expressed our conviction that the most deplorable aspect of last winter's exposures was the number of important newspapers and public men who displayed no spark of moral indignation and indeed would have been

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glad to have the whole malodorous mess covered up because the revelations were "hurting business." Senator Walsh's personal fortunes are bound up with this larger issue; and there are few equally important questions involved in this year's campaign.

RAMSAY MacDONALD is learning with some pain how fierce is the white light which beats upon the occupant of high public office. No one who understands the character of the man can believe that there is any sinister connection between the baronetcy given Sir Alexander Grant in June and the latter's gift to Mr. MacDonald of a life annuity, the interest on £30,000, invested in the shares of McVitie and Price. The explanation made is that Sir Alexander, an old and dear friend of the Prime Minister, noted with regret that the latter, despite his high office, was obliged to use the subway to get about London. Sir Alexander demanded the right to "subsidize" a motor car for him; and to this Mr. MacDonald at last and reluctantly consented. There is no reason whatever to go behind this explanation which does credit to Sir Alexander's heart, if not to Mr. MacDonald's worldly wisdom. Nevertheless, Great Britain has been so profoundly stirred in recent years by stories of scandal in connection with the sale of honors that the incident will undoubtedly hurt the Labor party at the next general election.

ON Friday, September 12, newspaper dispatches from Geneva recorded the fact that the Assembly of the League of Nations is interested in the effort of "the Republic of Georgia" to secure its independence from the Moscow government—an effort which has been in progress for the past fortnight by force of arms. France, Great Britain and Belgium introduced a joint resolution, which was adopted, stating that the League would aid Georgia by all possible peaceful, legal means. On Saturday, September 13, a Paris dispatch to the New York Times stated that "it is understood, according to well-informed persons, that the revolution [in Georgia] is being financed and directed from Paris, where powerful international financiers are backing a group of former members of the Georgian government and former proprietors of Baku oil wells." Three million tons of oil are supposed to be in storage in Baku at present. We should like to wager a large homemade cookie that the League is about to have its motives misunderstood. It is cruel that this should happen; but that is what coarse, malicious human nature is like.

CAPTAIN PAXTON HIBBEN is at last receiving from the War Department the formal trial which he has so long and vainly sought. Since 1920, the Department has from time to time intimated a general belief that Captain Hibben is an unfit person to hold a commission in the Officers' Reserve Corps, the alleged reason being that he is a Communist or has undesirably close relations with the present government of Russia, or both. The story of his struggles to get a fair and open hearing on definite charges is a curious record of unexplained mischances which would be funny did it not involve such serious issues for the Captain. Important documents have disappeared from the War Department's files and no one has known where they were. Documents long missing have suddenly turned up to be used against Captain Hibben on the instant, without any opportunity for him to secure evidence refuting the charges they contained. These tactics have been continued down to and including the present formal trial. Colonel John J. Bradley, his counsel, stated at a recent hearing that despite the long effort to secure a bill of particulars and definite charges against Captain Hibben, "neither this board nor the War Department had been willing to do this simple thing required by procedure in any manner of law or justice the world over. Instead, a mass of material has been first presented, then part of it withdrawn, then again presented with additions and now again presented with new additions and new subtractions. No sooner has counsel for Captain Hibben prepared a case than the documents submitted by the government are changed."

CAPTAIN HIBBEN expressly and categorically denies that he is a Communist, or has had questionable relations with the Russian government. He has called numerous reputable witnesses in support of his assertion that his business in Russia was strictly confined to famine relief. The War Department and the Department of Justice have long been guilty of something which on the face of it looks very much like persecution of a private citizen. He has been spied upon, his papers have been secretly tampered with, and charges against him of the gravest sort have been put into private hands for public use. The present trial offers an opportunity for the authorities, in western idiom, to "put up or shut up." We trust that they will.

THE announcement of a new and "independent" college to be organized by Dr. Alexander Meiklejohn is obviously unauthorized and premature. The first account, printed about the first of the month in the Boston Transcript, contained all the information that has been forthcoming, namely that Dr. Meiklejohn has been discussing the matter with various friends and former colleagues. Neither he nor any of his intimates has given out any statement of the form which the proposed college is to take or any information as to the stage at which the discussion has arrived. Meantime Dr. Meiklejohn himself has gone abroad.

SUCH details as have appeared, furthermore, are obviously inaccurate. One newspaper account derives a fanciful picture of the new institution from

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the presumed antipathy of its founder to semester examinations. The "precise issue" upon which Dr. Meiklejohn resigned from Amherst, it says, was the mid-year examination and the separation of "junior and senior colleges." This is a new theory of the liberal college. Neither the triviality nor the palpable irresponsibility of such descriptions of the new college have deterred editorial comment, however. The New York Times has solemnly frowned upon the mid-yearless innovation. In Abelard's time, to be sure, "there were no Carnegie units of admission; there was no college examination board." But we have travelled a long way upon the road of progress since those days. Our colleges have "evolved into stable institutions with trustees and bursars, with endowments of tradition and funds, with buildings upon which ivy has grown and around which affection has gathered, with 'counts' for admission and semester hours for graduation." All this progress (this progress from Abelard to ivy) Dr. Meiklejohn proposes to abandon.

ALL of which is solemn nonsense whether or not Dr. Meiklejohn is actually about to organize a new college. It is also evidence that he had better. We seem to need something to show us what a college is and ought to be. The fact that the mere suggestion of an independent, by which we mean an innovating, college can arouse such intense discussion shows that we are in no very certain state of mind about our educational institutions, while our inveterate propensity to higgle over trustees and examinations indicates that we are living in an educational Macedonia. Some one will have to come over and save us. If Dr. Meiklejohn will undertake the job he will find plenty to do.

EDWARD N. HURLEY, once of the Shipping Board, has produced out of his own head a plan for paying off the French debt to the United States. Mr. Hurley suggests a five-year moratorium as far as interest is concerned, and a much lower rate thereafter, so that payments of $100,000,000 a year would meet the carrying charges and amortize the principal in about sixty-seven years. Of these annual payments, one-half would not be transmitted to this country but would be invested in French commercial securities every year for twentyfive years. This would help to develop France commercially and would avoid depressing the franc. It is an ingenious plan; but we need not become unduly excited over the prospect of payment under it. French government finance is in a situation which may fairly be described as critical. Payments by Germany under the Dawes plan, as a contributor points out in this issue of the New Republic, are certain to be far smaller than the French expect, if indeed there are any at all. Add to this the undisputed fact that France believes her debt should be forgiven, on the ground that she was fighting the common cause of all the Allies, and you have ample reason for not getting excited prematurely over Mr. Hurley's neat little paper plan.

THE most useful thing John W. Davis could do at the moment to aid his candidacy would be to issue violently worded orders forbidding the acceptance of A. Mitchell Palmer's offer to take the stump for him. Mr. Davis, against the heavy odds of the Democratic platform and his own New York career, is trying to make himself out a liberal; and A. Mitchell Palmer is about as far from being a liberal as anyone in the United States. His history as Attorney-General is the blackest blot on the record of the Wilson administration. The Department of Justice in his hands became a tool of reaction which exercised the cruelest injustice against scores and hundreds of innocent men and women. The Bureau of Investigation became a nest of busybodies, spies and informers; Palmerism laid the groundwork for the delightful activities which subsequently flourished under William J. Burns. About the worst thing that could be said of John W. Davis in this campaign is that he is the kind of man of whom A. Mitchell Palmer approves.

The Wooing of Labor

AMONG the unfamiliar turns which the Progressive candidacy has given the campaign, none is more striking than the attention it has directed to organized labor's status and grievances. Both Mr. Davis and President Coolidge have gone out of their way to compete with Senator La Follette for the votes of union members, and in doing so have discussed trade-union problems to an extent previously unknown in a presidential canvass. Organized labor, for five years buffetted or ignored by most of those in authority, suddenly finds itself courted with a silken politeness reminiscent of the war days. Then its economic coöperation was essential, now its political support is desired. Political organization leads to political attention, just as economic organization forces consideration in wages and hours. The mere advertising which labor has received in the past few months is a sufficient gain to justify its support of the independent Progressive movement.

President Coolidge, in a Labor Day speech to a group of "labor leaders" hurriedly scratched up from the highways and by-ways, dressed the "full-dinner pail" argument with modern statistical trimmings. Wages have shown a net rise greater than the cost of living since 1913; hence the purchasing power of labor has increased. If the independent Progressive movement were seeking to substitute communism for capitalism, or to bring about some equally fundamental economic revolution, this ar-

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gument might be pertinent. But it is difficult to see that it furnishes any reason for trade-unionists to elect Republicans to political office. It reminds one of the defense of the protective tariff by a Republican economist on the ground that while since the Civil War the United States has followed a protective policy and Great Britain a free trade policy, the population of the United States has grown more rapidly than that of Great Britain.

Neither political governments in the United States nor their employer supporters are responsible for the rise in real wages. On the contrary, it is due, so far as it may be attributed to any foreseen or controlled activity, to the power exercised by trade-unions themselves to raise wages during the inflation of 1919-20, to prevent their reduction by Republican and Democratic employers during the unemployment crisis of 1921, and to raise them again in the revival of 1922-23. All the established authorities did their insufficient best to "deflate" wages at least as much as the cost of living during the 1921 depression. Even while Mr. Coolidge was speaking, Republican textile manufacturers in New England were being restrained from inaugurating a wage-slashing campaign until after the election, for fear of its reaction on the head of the ticket. And for nearly a year now, under a Republican administration which is attempting to identify itself with prosperity, employment and earnings have been decreasing until in many important industries such as coal, steel, cotton and shoes they have fallen alarmingly close to the bottom level of 1921—the worst depression for fifty years, of which the trough and the greater part of the duration occurred under a Republican régime.

What gives the final fillip of absurdity to Mr. Coolidge's remarks is the fact to which the postal employes have hastened to call attention, that he himself not six months ago vetoed for its "extravagance" a bill which would have granted them salary increases not greater than, but merely equal to the increase in the cost of living since 1913. This is the only point at which the present administration can justly claim responsibility for influence on wages, unless we count the reduction of railroad wages by the Labor Board in 1922, enforced, in the face of a protest strike of the shopmen, by the most sweeping injunction in history, obtained by Attorney-General Daugherty.

Both Mr. Coolidge and Mr. Davis have acknowledged the necessity of trade-unions and collective bargaining. So do all the teachers of economics and sociology in the colleges, so do most editorial writers and public speakers—except in times of crisis or cases in which their own interests are concerned. "The right of labor," said Mr. Davis, "to an adequate wage earned under healthful conditions, the right to organize in order to obtain it and the right to bargain for it collectively, through agents and representatives of its own choosing, have been established after many years of weary struggle. These rights are now conceded by every fair minded man." But however well accepted the unions are in theory, they are not dealt with in practice by many important employers in many large industries. On the contrary, they have been fought and betrayed by every weapon wealth can command, including, under both Democratic and Republican administrations, spies associated with the Federal Department of Justice, deputy sheriffs appointed by county governments but paid by employers, and courts issuing restraining orders, sometimes at the application of attorneys-general and prosecuting attorneys, which in effect deny constitutional rights of freedom of speech and assembly and seek to prevent all effective action by unions engaged in industrial disputes. It may be invidious, but it is pertinent, to suggest that President Coolidge ought to address his remarks on the subject of unions, not during a campaign to labor leaders, but at other times to officers of justice, to some of his prominent supporters such as those in control of the New England cotton mills, the Pennsylvania and other railroads, the United States Steel Corporation and the National Association of Manufacturers. And Mr. Davis might well have made his pronouncements about unionism, not on Labor Day to a trade-union assembly, but before he became a candidate, to judges and members of the bar, to the West Virginia coal operators, to the great corporations to which he was counsel, and to the Santa Fé railroad, of which he was a director when it secured an injunction against the striking shopmen and failed to bargain with them or to recognize their union thereafter.

Mr. Davis is of course much more conversant with the specific grievances of unions and much more definite about remedies than President Coolidge. He ought to be. He was associated with the passage of the Clayton Act, which was supposed to protect unions against injunctions; he has tried in the Supreme Court cases involving the legal rights of labor organizations—in at least one of which he acted as counsel for their enemies. He comes close to one of the most important issues when he says:

> There have been many cases in the past where the writ of injunction has been abused in connection with labor disputes. Injunctions have been issued which by their terms went beyond any proper limit and sought to deprive men of lawful exercise of indisputable rights . . . I was given opportunity to take part in framing and defending legislation intended to correct these evils . . . If legislation already passed is not sufficient guidance in this matter we must write in plainer terms.

This is all very well. But does not Mr. Davis, as a legal expert in this subject, know that ingeniously worded anti-injunction acts have been nullified by the Supreme Courts of Massachusetts, Arizona and the United States? Does he not know that the United States Supreme Court has by two decisions robbed the Clayton Act, in which he takes

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so much pride, of most of its protection of union rights? Even so skilled a constitutional lawyer as he could not outwit judicial inhibitions on such legislation. Does he not know that the Supreme Court decision on the Arizona anti-injunction law (Truax vs. Corrigan)—Holmes, Brandeis and Pitney dissenting—means that if the Clayton Act were to be rewritten to overcome the effect of the other decisions, the court would declare the law unconstitutional? What does he propose to do about these precedents and the power of the courts to prevent legislatures from enacting effective laws in protection of unions? Exactly nothing. He too, in language less provocative than that of General Hell-and-Maria Dawes, has declared for retention of the present power of the courts unimpaired. In the absence of further explanation from him, his position, though it is more plausible than that of the Republicans, comes to exactly the same stop. Because of his intimate knowledge of the issue, his promise is insincere as well as ineffective.

The leaders of labor are not deceived on this point, and will take care to undeceive any of their followers who may be charmed by the fair words of Mr. Davis. The La Follette platform is the only one which both displays understanding of the issue and furnishes a forthright pledge of action. "We favor," it reads, "the abolition of the use of injunction in labor disputes and declare for the complete protection of the right of farmers and industrial workers to organize, bargain collectively through representatives of their own choosing, and conduct without hindrance coöperative enterprises." And in another section comes the companion pledge: "We favor submitting to the people, for their considerate judgment, a constitutional amendment providing that Congress may by enacting a statute make it effective over a judicial veto." Considerate judgment may finally decide that this is not the best way to end the destructive power of the courts over essential economic and social legislation. But some dealing with the courts there must be, if promises of rights to trade unions are to be worth the cost of the ink with which they are printed.

World Peace and World Politics

IF 1924 is celebrated for no other reason, it should go down in history as the year in which more words were written and spoken about universal peace and how to secure it than in all previous recorded time. To itemize some of the occasions: The discussions of this theme which marked the first week of the League Assembly at Geneva produced a veritable flood of newspaper comment and discussion. On their heels we have Great Britain's proposal to turn over her fleet to the League for embargo purposes. From time to time in recent weeks announcements have been made of the prize-winning plans in the various competitions instituted by Mr. E. A. Filene of Boston for the best peace plans produced in England, Germany, France and Italy. A little earlier the text of the Shotwell-Bliss draft treaty for the outlawry of war was made public. A special section of the Williamstown Institute of Politics was devoted to consideration of this treaty and to similar plans. While the Institute was meeting, Mr. MacDonald was repudiating on behalf of his government the Cecil-Réquin draft treaty prepared under League of Nations auspices and accepted "in principle" by France and a number of the lesser powers. In the United States an enormous popular interest albeit a temporary one, was created by the Bok Peace Plan contest in which more than 22,000 persons took part. Finally, the controversy over Defense Day, precipitated by the refusal of Governor Bryan of Nebraska to aid the enterprise, and by the criticism of the proposal by the National Council for Prevention of War, served as another peg on which to hang almost endless arguments as to whether war can ever be abolished and if so, how. If peace on earth could be attained by words, the past few months should have brought it measurably nearer.

That peace is not attained by words, no matter how noble, every candid student both of history and of current international relations, must realize. Uttering the words is well worth while; for they help to educate the masses of the people as to the realities of warfare and to build up that body of public opinion from which concrete political action may eventually result; yet it is quite possible for the current of public discussion to move away from war while the current of actual events moves toward it. No one in Europe talked more nobly of the folly of bloodshed and the necessity for peace than did the Kaiser at various lucid moments during the two decades prior to 1914. Little was said at Geneva a fortnight ago which might not have been uttered, and perhaps was, at that ill-fated conference, one of whose objects was the abolition of war, which met under the tutelage of a Russian Tsar 109 years earlier. As long as the causes of war remain practically untouched, as is the case today, no amount of talk about how to stop conflicts after they have started will do much to insure a lasting foundation for international peace.

It is a curious and startling fact that in all the millions of words about the abolition of war which have been uttered in the past few months, only the smallest amount of attention has been given, and from official sources practically none at all, to a statement of the underlying frictions between nations which make war likely. Yet these causes are fairly well known. In the modern world, they are primarily competition for world markets, competition for raw materials, the pressure of excess population, and that diffused imperialism, with its big armies and navies and its demand for world-wide

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colonization, which is based upon and grows out of these factors. Why these fundamental causes are so rarely mentioned in speeches by leading statesmen and official publicists is a riddle which does not need high acumen to solve. It is partly because the grim truth about the international struggle for survival would break through the pleasant fiction about "friendship among the nations;" and partly because any analysis of the facts contains a severe indictment of modern international capitalistic enterprise. It is difficult to draw an indictment of the international phases of such enterprise and yet stop short at the boundary lines of your own country.

The air of unreality which so many persons feel in all discussion of such matters as the pacific policy of the League of Nations, the outlawry of war, treaties of security and disarmament, and the like, is undoubtedly due to this frequent evasion of the bigger half of the problems. Some machinery for adjudication of disputes, for determining who is the aggressor and for punishing him in all practicable ways, is desirable at the earliest possible moment and will remain necessary no matter how much progress may be made eventually toward solving the greater problems already referred to. Indeed, machinery developed for these purposes might play an important part in the development of those international arrangements which will not only make war difficult but unnecessary. Yet it is regrettable, from the standpoint of clear thinking, if from no other, that so many persons speak and write as though making war illegal or providing machinery for compulsory arbitration were the end of a process instead of being, as they are, no more than its beginning.

In looking at these further realities, there is an important aspect of the European situation which is receiving less attention than it deserves. American liberals who have in the past opposed our entering the League of Nations have done so largely because they felt that the League as it exists in fact bears little relationship to the League as originally conceived by President Wilson. They have charged it with being a device to "freeze" the terms of the treaties of 1919, many of which were grossly unfair. This charge has been a just one; and the utmost that defenders of the League could say was that as time passed and the passions of war were dissipated the League machinery could be utilized for modifying the terms of the treaties in the direction of justice.

Recent events in Europe for the first time suggest that this promise may possibly some day be fulfilled. A league dominated by Poincaré and Curzon may be relied upon to back up the unjust demands of sordid and reactionary imperialism. But a league dominated by MacDonald and Herriot, a league in which Germany is a member of both Assembly and Council (as now seems probable) a league with which Russia might have a thorough working arrangement, is a very different affair. The supporters of MacDonald in England and of Herriot in France have no delusions about the causes of war, and are as determined to do away with the whole bloody business as the most fanatical of American pacifists. Every objection to the League made on this side of the water during the past five years they have reiterated with added bitterness because of being so much closer to the scene. If the Labor party in England and the Herriot radicals in France had a completely free hand, the relationship of the League to the 1919 settlements would be altered overnight.

Neither MacDonald nor Herriot, of course, has such a free hand. Both men are obliged to move with great caution to avoid being turned out of office and in the matter of Germany Herriot is hardly able to move at all. The attitude of the MacDonald government toward Egypt and India shows the extent of the compromise necessary in order to remain in power. Nevertheless, the spirit is there, in both France and England. It already has some substantial victories to its credit, of which the acceptance of the Dawes plan and the promise to evacuate the Ruhr are not the least. It is quite conceivable that the day is not far distant when the League instead of being too conservative for liberal Americans may become too liberal for our conservatives who have been its friends in the past. If that day comes, it will mark the inauguration of a genuine new era, the first step of real importance in the world's painful climb away from paths of war toward those of peace.

The Leopold-Loeb Decision

JUDGE CAVERLY'S decision to imprison for life rather than to hang the young murderers of the Franks boy must make a profound impression on all those who have expended thought as well as emotion on this tragic case. It has high significance chiefly for two reasons. In the first place the decision saves the public from the effects of a rebound from its own ugly mood towards the slayers. Doubtless a majority of the people the country over wanted to see the boys hanged. These people have talked of an "adequate punishment" in order to prevent a repetition of such crimes. But, in saying this, they have analyzed neither the reasons why death seemed to them the only adequate punishment, nor what punishments are really preventive. What the public wanted was an outlet for its outraged feelings. It wanted a victim, in the name of law and the protection of life, just as the lynch mob wants a victim, and only the immediate, dramatic and final satisfaction of hanging these youths seemed adequate and just. Imprisonment for life affords no such relief, though the long, slow torture of it is actually much worse punishment than the swift oblivion of death.

The reaction on the community, if blood-thirst

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had had its desire, would have been grievous. The effect of a lynching does not cease when the victim swings. It inevitably moves back from victim to victimizers. And the effect of allowing the stored-up public bitterness of the last three months to vent itself, to strike back because it had been hurt, would have been to reinforce all the harsh and intolerant aspects of American life.

The desire for vengeance reflects a discredited objective of criminal law. Modern criminal science as illustrated, for instance, by Professor Ferri's recent *projet* for an Italian penal code, has rejected "retributive justice"—an eye for an eye—and directs criminal machinery solely to safeguarding the community against the recurrence of anti-social behavior and for the responsible education, so far as possible, of the delinquent.

The other aspect of the death penalty, namely its effect as a preventive of future crimes of this sort, brings into question another common prejudice. The deterrent effect of capital punishment is an assumption wholly without evidence. Its validity has been under fire in this country for a hundred years, ever since Edward Livingstone's famous penal code for Louisiana, was published in 1824. Evidence has been accumulating ever since in support of Livingstone's attack.

The second chief feature marking the Caverly opinion as epoch-making is concerned with its attitude towards the application of modern psychiatric method to the analysis and treatment of crime. Judge Caverly did well not to base his decision on the body of evidence presented by the alienists. Since the science is still young and its use as a guide in determining degrees of responsibility is as yet regarded with suspicion, to have done so would not only have resulted in checking further development but would have alienated popular sympathy towards the treatment meted out to these criminals. What Judge Caverly did shows him to be shrewd and far-seeing. For he has allayed suspicion of what is ignorantly regarded as only the artful dodges of expensive alienists and at the same time given encouragement to the method. This he seems to have done consciously, with every evidence of understanding its implications. "It is beyond the province of this Court as it is beyond the capacity of human science in its present state of development to predicate ultimate responsibility for human acts. At the same time the Court is willing to recognize that the careful analysis made of the life history of the defendants and of their present mental, emotional and ethical condition has been of extreme interest and is a valuable contribution to criminology. And yet the Court feels strongly that similar analysis made of other persons accused of crime would probably reveal similar or different abnormalities. The value of such tests seems to lie in their applicability to crime and criminals in general." The vigorous spur given to future scientific study of behavior in relation to the causes and treatment of crime can hardly be estimated. Legislation as well as the administration of criminal law are bound to feel the impact of Judge Caverly's sentences and opinion.

In another respect also, Judge Caverly's opinion is a memorable contribution to the reform of criminal law. It reinforces the tendency against capital punishment.

> It would have been the path of least resistance to impose the extreme penalty of the law. In choosing imprisonment instead of death, the Court is moved chiefly by the consideration of the ages of the defendants, boys of eighteen and nineteen years. It is not for the Court to say that he will not in any case enforce capital punishment as an alternative, but the Court believes that it is within his province to decline to impose the sentence of death on persons who are not of full age. This determination appears to be in accordance with the progress of criminal law all over the world and with the dictates of enlightened humanity.

If punishment is not to be the explosion of revenge, if the community's self-protection is to be its basis and the criminal himself must be dealt with as part of the community, what relevance has the death penalty in the scheme of social control? The security of the community does not demand, nor is it furthered by, the brutalizing evasion which the death penalty involves. Judge Caverly has given a new impetus to the slow process of rationalizing our penal methods.

The Franks murder again directs dramatic attention to the increase of crime in the United States. For years we have had a plethora of shallow panaceas, usually proposals to stiffen punishment and to increase the number of judges. All these remedies have been futile. By and large, the pace of crime persists where it does not increase. All suggestions of cures are idle, for the simple reason that no attempt has even been begun to make a fundamental scientific inquiry into the causes of the prevalence of crime in America. We cannot make progress as to cures until the indispensable diagnosis has been made.

THE NEW REPUBLIC

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The Dawes Plan Myth*

THE Dawes plan has become a political fact; nothing which can now be said or written will affect its adoption. It is therefore the more appropriate to analyze that report, the bases on which it was framed, and probable developments arising from its operation. It is better to realize now instead of later that the plan is mainly and primarily a myth.

In so far as the plan provided a table to which the French and Germans could come to discuss their mutual difficulties, it has served a useful end. The plan need not be given undue credit for this. In plain fact, European statesmen had reached a point of desperation; the ministry in France as elsewhere recognized the necessity for a negotiated peace; they would have accepted anything which offered a basis for such discussion. The plan does provide an initial truce. That is all to the good. It holds out hope of reparations payments. That approaches fraud. As will appear, no substantial reparations can be paid under it. The French finance ministers know this, but they prefer to have their public learn the unpalatable fact from an agent under the plan or from an impartial, probably an American, arbitrator, rather than from a French cabinet.

The underlying fallacy of the plan—that its basis was "business and not politics" — ought to be squarely recognized. European affairs permit no such divorce. The British government is necessarily integrated with business; Great Britain must import raw materials, manufacture, and export manufactured products, or starve. Her foreign policy is controlled by this necessity; and her government is far too much a servant of her people not to deal with it. French business is rather less amalgamated with politics; but from time to time the two become identified—notably, for instance, in the occupation of the Ruhr.

Transfer of Reparations. The cardinal feature of the plan lies in the accumulation by the Agent for Reparations Payments in Germany of assets which he must, so far as possible, transfer to the Allied governments. If he cannot transfer, accumulation will stop. Paragraph XIII provides that "sums not remitted accumulate, but with a limitation of amount;" in other words, when the balance reaches a high figure, collections are to stop. There is reason to believe that this shut-off will commence soon after collections begin, and will remain continuously in force; in a word, reparations will cease to be paid.

There are three ways by which transfer of funds may be made from Germany to the Allied countries. Currency may be transferred. German securities may be purchased and exported. German goods may be taken and exported. Gold does not enter into this calculation; there is too little gold in the world seriously to affect the situation, and transfers of large amounts in gold not only are not contemplated but probably would have the same effect as transfers of paper or any other monetary token.

Transfer of Currency. No one seriously assumes that currency can be transferred in large amounts. The banking process would consist of buying in the open market francs or sterling with the German marks accumulated by the plan agent. Francs and sterling would then appreciate violently; the German mark would drop to nothing; this would automatically stop the transfer because the accumulated balance of the plan agent would become worthless in his hands. On transfer of the foreign currency purchased, the market in France or England would be flooded with francs or sterling; appreciation in these currencies would be succeeded by depression which would undo the temporary benefit; meanwhile all business is disturbed. The margin of exchange between countries is narrow; a relatively small proportion of transfer will revolutionize an exchange market (witness, for example, the recent French stabilization loan of the Morgans); sums far less than the annual payments to be credited to the plan agent would suffice to achieve this result. We may dismiss the theory of transfer of currency.

Purchase and Export of German Securities. In substance this is the same as transfer of currency, but the operation is retarded. The first effect might be to enhance the price of German securities. Interest and dividends, upon all exported securities would have annually to be transferred. As to principal, it merely postpones the evil day; but while this process is being carried on, the interest and dividends remitted to France or England will reach increasing amounts until even excluding other transfers by the plan agent, they disrupt the currency markets. If such dividends were left in Germany, interest upon them would compound, leading toward a climax and smash. Within a relatively few years we duplicate the situation which would arise were currency transmitted; and we have made no great impression on the bulk of reparations.

There is a possible variation. German immovable property might be bought and held, title being transferred to the Allied countries. This is of course not a transfer of wealth but a non-transfer. If such property be subject to taxation, the Germans could defeat the program by appropriate levies. If not so taxable, each purchase subtracts a given amount from German revenues, prosperity, and ultimate ability to pay reparations. Moreover, in war private property can now be seized (the French government has the doubtful honor of having initiated

* The author of this article is a French engineer who has had occasion to make a close study of the Dawes plan on behalf of an important financial group.

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this policy) the result of which is that nationals of one country who hold property in another are at the mercy of the government of such other country if war is declared. No sound foreign policy will be based on the accumulation of large holdings outside the boundaries of one's own country and particularly in a country with which relations tend to be unfriendly. Were this policy pursued it would make it to Germany's plain interest to declare war and seize all foreign property within her borders. She would have good precedent for doing this.

Another variant might be the attempt to purchase French or Allied securities with the accumulated reparations balance. But what would be used in payment? Frenchmen or Englishmen expect to be paid for their securities, not in marks but in currency of their own country, and the vicious circle of purchasing Allied currency with German currency to pay for Allied securities would bring us back to the situation suggested above in connection with the transfer of currency.

Export of goods. This could be dismissed on the sole ground that the Allied governments have refused at various times (notably at the negotiation of the Treaty of Versailles) and still refuse to allow it. Transfer of German manufactures to French or British markets merely means shattering domestic industries in those countries. The plan agent could purchase and present a pair of German shoes to every Frenchman; but the French shoe industry would forthwith cease to exist.

It will be urged that the plan agent might transfer in kind those goods which the Allied countries do not produce; he might, for example, supply coking coal to France. But the vicious circle is not broken. French industrials are organized on the basis of having to purchase coking coal by exporting goods to Germany or elsewhere in payment. Their production is scaled to this end. Gifts of coking coal would eliminate both the need of this export and the power of Germany to purchase the surplus which the French now manufacture. A market would thereby be cut off; French industrial depression would result.

Transfers of funds in one of the three ways suggested or by combining all of them, will undoubtedly be made, and it may be possible to weaken the shock of direct transfers by triangular trading, i. e., operations consummated through several countries; but the amounts will be so small as not to make even an impression on the grand total of reparations. Accumulation of funds by the plan agent will be more rapid than transfer; the "shut-off" will come into play and accumulation will cease.

Railroad Revenues. The feature of the Dawes plan most relied upon to produce reparations is accumulated revenue from the railroads. It is difficult to take this seriously. The writer had occasion to interview a number of German railway men, who remarked that they were prepared to accept the plan, sight unseen; but were confident that nothing of importance would happen, although they were willing to coöperate to the best of their ability. The plan in this respect only too forcefully bears out Mr. Dawes's statement in his letter of transmittal, that he had been in touch with all phases of German public opinion and had spent a "fortnight in Berlin." Any engineer knows that technical knowledge of railways is not to be acquired in this way or in this time. The Committee of Experts (Sir William Acworth and M. Leverve) did somewhat better, but not much. They remark that in the short time at their disposal "it has naturally not been possible to push our investigations very far"—and the report shows it.

Basically, this section of the Dawes plan rests on the outgrown American concept that railways are speculative activities to be used for the accumulation of profits. Europe, and especially Germany, has never shared this heresy. Railroads are public utilities like harbors, post offices or highways. Their revenue producing ability is secondary; they are and ought to be merely an adjunct to developing the country. European railroad bonds class with national obligations, not with securities of private business enterprises. Germany's commercial prosperity has been largely due to an intricate and highly efficient railway system, run at low cost, for the benefit of the country. Diminish the efficiency or increase the cost, and the commercial prosperity which Mr. Dawes postulates as an essential to reparations payments, ceases to exist Detailed administration of German railways by foreigners is, from a technician's standpoint, grotesque; from a political standpoint, it is a standing challenge to every nationalist element in the country.

Without going into all of the absurdities of the report on its technical side, one may glance at a few of the more glaring misstatements.

It is not true, for example, as stated in annex III of the report that the rolling stock at present possessed by the German railway system "is much superior to that which they possessed in 1914." The Dawes figures show an increase of 2,026 locomotives in Germany in 1924 over the figures for 1913. The same figures show that 18,249 locomotives have been manufactured since 1914; 7,671 German locomotives were scrapped from 1913 to 1923. If these figures are correct, the Germans have manufactured 9,697 locomotives for themselves and 8,552 for others, mainly for the Allies and Poland; thus, more than two-thirds of the 29,966 locomotives which the report claims the Germans now have, are more than ten years old. Of freight cars, according to the report, Germany had 74,000 more in 1924 than she had in 1913. Yet she had manufactured 453,000 freight cars. It is obvious that of the 453,000 manufactured well over 300,000 must have been manufactured for someone else. Nevertheless, the report cheerfully states that "two-thirds of the entire (German) stock has been built within the last ten years." Expenditures on rolling stock

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replacement are given at 2,267,000,000 marks. In addition there were spent 739,300,000 *gold* marks on replacements of material handed over to the Allies. These two figures mean nothing. The one represents paper marks, the other gold. The experts themselves acknowledge inability to give actual cost.

Nor is rolling stock fully up to the latest improvements in railway technique; based on normal standard improvements such as automatic couplings and air brakes, it is by no means on a level with the best standards of today.

In the same annex appears the remark: " New rolling stock has been acquired in the last few years; . . . the need of repairs annually will be exceptionally small for some years to come." Any railroad engineer knows that a new railroad car will run without repairs for only one year, it will then have to be overhauled for minor defects; that every year after this more important repairs must be made; 10 percent of the cars will have to be thoroughly repaired each year. Yet the Dawes report proposes to secure revenue based on eliminating repair costs for a considerable period.

It is perhaps unnecessary to continue the dreary recital. The writer had occasion to make a very thorough study of railway conditions and statistics at first hand in Germany; the statements in the annex seem not to be borne out in most essentials.

Based on the theory outlined in annex III that "a complete change in the organization of the German railroads is essential," almost any development is possible. But one cannot knock down and build up a highly intricate organization as though it were a house of cards. The Germans will have to run their own railroads, because they alone know how; and they are the most efficient railway men on the continent.

Money can be made out of railroads on long hauls; on development of new territories; and on manipulation of railway securities. The first two do not exist in Germany; there are no undeveloped lands and no long hauls. Manipulation of securities may be possible. The plan agent might become a German Jay Gould; but this does not promise either a brilliant rôle for him or much prosperity for the country. Anything captured from Germany via railway rates or securities is simply subtracted from the commercial wealth of the country elsewhere.

A well-known American banker recently stated the German sentiment in regard to the Dawes plan. "The Germans favor acceptance of the Dawes plan," he said, "in order that its absurdities will establish themselves in practice." This is my own impression. Germany has acted wisely and fairly in adopting the plan; I believe she will give it honorable trial. But it contravenes too many principles of economics and of European politics to be successful in securing reparations. The annual payments to be exacted under the plan were so far from being scientifically ascertained that their amounts varied 200 percent during the negotiations. It is said that the annual payment figures were cut in half within twenty-four hours of final agreement on the report. Estimates are already to be had as to the amount in which Germany will be in default on the arrival of the first "normal" year assumed by the report—1929. With the desirability or propriety of exacting indemnity, I am not here concerned. I merely point out that whatever the plan may achieve as a way towards peace, it is a mirage regarded as a way toward reparations.

There were ways in which reparations could have been paid; but these concerned themselves solely with the increase of productive or enjoyable wealth in the Allied countries—tangible erection on French or Belgian soil of goods which would make life there easier, cheaper or pleasanter. The Germans might have been asked to rebuild devastated areas; to construct hydroelectric plants or to improve factories and railways. The plan might have gone still further and suggested an expedient for assisting the peace and prosperity of all continental Europe, linking this with reparations through a step which many men, including myself, believe practicable and wise. This is the establishment of a unified railway system throughout continental Europe based on the thesis that the railroads of each country should be operated by subsidiary units, while the technical administration of the whole should be governed by an international body, preferably the League of Nations. From the securities of such a railroad system, France might be given a preponderance of financial interest—but not of control—which would assist her in securing ultimate reparations. With this unity of transport there would come a degree of understanding and some of the many barriers obstructing economic unity would be broken down. Instead, the plan has emphasized the differentiation between France and Germany.

Account has not here been taken of the pressure which will be put on German labor to work long hours; nor of the impetus given to German exports; nor of the ability of the German householder to pay taxes, nor of the effect on foreign markets. Any of these would form the basis of separate study. For myself, I think Great Britain stands to lose; German industry working at high efficiency and low living standards will cut into her markets, and Manchester, Leeds, Birmingham, Liverpool, Glasgow and her other manufacturing towns will suffer. The United States will stave off the difficulty with her tariff wall. The German capitalists will become more firm; they will in time dominate the empire. France will get some trickle of reparations; the end will be rediscussion of reparations with a strong Germany, and ultimate realization of the fact that bait of payment induced acceptance of a plan which permits nothing save intermeddling in German internal affairs.

BEAULIEU.

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Our Professional Patriots

V. The New Crusade

RADICALISM as such has almost served its patriotic purpose. It is about, as such, to be shelved. I have this impression very clearly out of my last conversation with Ralph Easley. He didn't, in so many words, say: "We are done with radicalism." That would have been too drastic. He would have known that the business interests which he and his fellow patriots represent may, at any moment, require the services of radicalism in almost any one of their patriotic clashes with social liberalism or rambunctious unions, or, even, child labor reformers. But he did, in all good cynicism, show me a little tract which he contemplates publishing and in which he has a real good laugh over the anti-radical adventures of some of his fellow and brother fighters in the struggle to save America's soul. I shouldn't be surprised if at heart he too, has his doubts concerning the numbers of our resident Communists and the amounts of subversive gold sent here from Moscow. I shouldn't be surprised if he hadn't all along doubted the imaginative espionage régime of Mr. Burns's office. But, there! I shouldn't say such things.

The point is that the official demise of Mr. Burns leaves the Burns tradition to the meddlesome hands of the War Department (where it is assured a good home) and the patriots must follow the Burns tradition if they are to keep their pamphlets and correspondence up to patriotic standards of liveliness. Now the War Department, being primarily interested in preparedness, transfers the Burns tradition to pacifists. The readjustment, for the patriots, however, is rather one of nomenclature than of kind. Therefore, by a simple process of including all opponents of war in the general Bolshevist class, the good work is kept up patriotically and the efforts of the War Department are enormously augmented. Thus pacifism and Bolshevism become synonyms and *plus ca change plus c'est la même chose.*

It couldn't be more clearly put than by Mr. Easley in his masterly defense of his War Against Patriotism:

> The article was not written for the sole purpose of describing the activities of the National Council for Reduction of Armaments, but to show the inter-relation of all those pacifist, Socialist, Bolshevist and other radical organizations which, in their mischievous efforts to "undermine our national virility" are practically one. True, they have different reasons for attempting to do this, but the effect is all the same . . . The Socialists and the Bolshevists, because they want to take over the property of the "capitalists" without opposition from the machine guns of law and order; the Quakers because they believe in that unpatriotic Tolstoian philosophy of non-resistance.

The quotation is from Mr. Easley's interminable and very bad mannered letters to Frederick J. Libby, executive secretary of the National Council for Reduction of Armaments, now the National Council for the Prevention of War. Mr. Libby is "a Quaker and therefore an hereditary pacifist, his salary being paid by the American Society of Friends." You can guess how Mr. Easley feels about Quakers. "Why," said he once to me, "if I had my way, I'd run every damned Quaker out of the country."

George Fox and Karl Marx—now you see them and now you can't tell them apart. That shows you what patriotism can do when it really buckles down to reasoning. I believe it could do as much for Queen Victoria and Cleopatra. And, as for stepping across the street from Justice (reformed) to War (unregenerate)—that's nothing.

Still, you cannot laugh off preparedness: not with war still in the offing. To my mind, however, the real question is—am I or am I not intolerant of war as the most serious of all social evils? I might be intolerant of war and still advocate preparedness and an invincible navy and compulsory universal military training. My arguments for these three programs, as the only war prophylactics, might be unsound, but they would not necessarily be the arguments of a Sophist. On the other hand, if I indulge myself in this "national virility" line of eloquence, I slip dangerously near the sophistic whirlpool, and if I go so far as to condemn as dangerous undesirables any group who are seriously investigating ways and means of eliminating war, I come off a self-convicted Junker.

As Ralph Easley wrote to Mr. Libby:

> You say that no honest seeker after truth could have written the article, The War Against Patriotism. You are right! I was not *seeking*, but disseminating truth about the disruptive forces now at work in this country.

The disruptive forces in question are the World Peace Fellowship, the Women's Committee for World Disarmament, the Women's International League, the National League of Women Voters, the Federal Council of Churches, the National Council for Reduction of Armaments (now the National Council for the Prevention of War) and the Foreign Policy Association! Having listed them out of Mr. Easley's own sentences, we can safely leave him to his endorsement of the "movement promoted against all future wars by the Gold Star Mothers," and allow him to crawl out of the Junker class as best he may.

It is not, after all, so surprising that the War Department should exhibit a Junker spirit. But I have

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also called the War Department "meddlesome," and I have previously made certain allegations concerning a somewhat too close association between the War Department and these prodigious patriots. Now that same Mrs. Lucia R. Maxwell who prepared the Spider Web Chart is very willing to give away a catalogue of her other patriotic activities as librarian of the Chemical Warfare Service. They may seem digressive in this article, but they apply to the general subject matter and are much too varied to be omitted.

The first of her labors, in order as she lists them, accounts for the suppression of a motion picture which the War Department seems to have considered "propaganda against the army and navy camouflaged as educational." The picture was endorsed by the Women's International League for Peace and Freedom and

> The showing of this disloyal film was only stopped after a long-drawn-out correspondence with Will Hayes. This correspondence was turned over to the Woman Patriot for publication and was also given to the American Defense Society for patriotic use.

Patriotic labor number one. The second labor convicts Mr. Libby's organization of Communism.

> The oft-expressed program of the Communist is to "disarm the bourgeoisie and to arm the proletariat."

The third labor is the Spider Web Chart of which sufficient has already been said. The fourth is a history of the National Council for the Prevention of War.

> Key women of these organizations direct other women's organizations . . . "We shall never establish Communism, if we do not take up energetically the question of educating women to class struggle."

The connection between the quotation and the Council is not quite clear to me and I pass on to the fifth labor which is A History of the Women's Committee for World Disarmament.

> Copies of the histories of both organizations have been distributed for patriotic use.

The sixth labor is described as "Bringing to the Notice of the Army the 'Slacker Oath'" (it is well to read that title twice) which:

> . . . was introduced at the Convention of the Women's International League for Peace and Freedom as a test of membership by Mary Winsor of Pennsylvania, cousin of a pre-war Austrian attaché, but was not made a test for reason of keeping out certain people who might otherwise join, but the oath was supposed to be taken in the heart.

We shall meet the "Slacker Oath" in due time, and the seventh labor deals obscurely with the "plan to abolish war by Constitutional amendment." Neither can I quite make out the gist of the eighth, but the ninth is clearly "Who's Who in the National Student Forum, Showing the Socialist-Pacifist Tendencies and Activities of its Personnel."

> The National Student Forum has been characterized by an official of the State Department as one of the most insidious and pernicious of all the numerous organizations working for Socialism.

We shall meet the National Student Forum, too, in good time. The tenth labor is entitled "Who's Who of the Joint Amnesty Committee."

> Compiled copies were distributed to the American Defense Society, Department of Justice and the late President Harding.

The eleventh and twelfth describe resolutions supplied by Mrs. Maxwell to the Daughters of the American Revolution and to the Daughters of the Confederacy. The catalogue has its bearing both upon my use of the word "meddlesome," and upon the War Department's indignant disavowal of the Spider Web Chart.

One marvels and marvels at the ramifications of this division of our national government, the ostensible business of which is to provide soldiers and arms for our national defense. Pershing himself joins the lecture forces of the American Defense Society to tell the country, among other things, that:

> At home our situation is seriously complicated by the teachings of numerous pacifist organizations . . .
>
> Others with baser designs, or with crass ignorance, strenuously advocate internationalism . . .
>
> Some people, whose idealism overwhelms their common sense, express the fear that we may develop militarism.

Fries and Bowley have made great names for themselves and great positions, not so much by advancing our national defense as by attacking organizations and individuals which venture to lift their voices in criticism of the government's military policy or in advocacy of peace as preferable to war.

"The insidious pacifist," said General Fries, "who is more to be feared than the man with the torch, gun or sword."

"The National Council for the Prevention of War," said General Bowley, "which has, as its impelling motive, the overthrow by violence of our form of government."

What rot! What unutterable no less than untruthful rot! It is very well for General Fries to "investigate the activities of various disarmament and pacifist societies and to find that they have carried on their activities under a constant change of name." But this splenetic disregard for fact, this

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unmannerly and personal tone of personal attack puts the government itself in a singularly ignoble light. And that, by the General's leave, is something which the citizenry of the country has a right to resent.

Mr. Libby has to call General Bowley to account for ridiculous and outrageous accusations—that he was educated in Russia for the promotion of Communism, that he taught Communism in Pennsylvania, that he is a Communist and the "reddest of the Reds," that his secretary and himself take turns in visiting Russia for instructions, that his organization is the tool of the Soviet government. A year ago it was General Fries who "was being used just as you are being used for making false attacks upon the Council." What a thing to say about a general! But what a position for the General to take at the very grave expense of his government's dignity!

And the General actually backs his statements up by reference to the works of Mr. R. M. Whitney of the American Defense Society. Whitney as an authority for the United States army! Clearly, the War Department is the perfect home for the Burns tradition and clearly there is less here than meets the eye.

So much less! Mr. Libby, "described in an official dossier as 'either a dangerous fanatic or in the pay of some foreign government,'" has not even been in Russia. He is a Quaker and the moving spirit of a society of liberally minded American citizens who have got together to look toward:

> Ultimate world organization, by whatever name, which includes the plan of a permanent court, through which all questions of international difference can be dealt with on the basis of reason and understanding and, ultimately, international law; progressive reduction of armaments by international agreement to a police status; education of world peace by sane and practical discussion.

All this to be arrived at through "orderly processes of government" and "the development of the intelligent public opinion that will find a better way than war to settle international differences." Not a penny of Soviet gold. No members except American citizens and no affiliations with Communist organizations. No opposition, even, to reasonable preparedness pending a more orderly arrangement for the world's affairs. Such are the sins of Mr. Libby and his associate intelligent and legitimate pacifists who are labelled Bolshevists and traitors in honor of their dislike for the Junker spirit which so labels them.

The motives of the War Department are clear—a war is a fine thing for professional soldiers: lacking a war, preparedness is a fine thing. Wherefor Mr. Libby must not be allowed to lecture and it is quite all right to tell the Woman Patriot and the American Defense Society any variety of whopper about him. The motives of the prodigious patriots are only a little less clear.

SIDNEY HOWARD.

. . (This is the fifth in a series of articles, of which the sixth will appear in an early issue.)

Old First Night

CHAUTAUQUA DAY-LEE! Program for today and tomorrow!"

The Hotel Athenæum is full, even to the annex. The boarding cottages are full, and the private cottages, and the new dormitory up on the hill. The program is full. Through maple-shaded streets the people move busily, criss-cross, streaming to and from the amphitheatre, the summer schools, the Hall of Philosophy. There is so much to do. There is always much to do at Chautauqua, something for everyone, the whole day through. But this year is more than busy. It is significant, portentous. Time, by the magic of numbers, has invested it with a special solemn meaning. It is the fiftieth anniversary year, Chautauqua's Golden Jubilee.

Think what it means! The Chautauquans, hurrying to hear Edward Howard Griggs on Lights and Shadows of the Present Age, or to the Home Missions study hour, or to a ball game, pause a moment by the old stump in Miller Park to think what it means. Fifty years! Think of that first little Assembly in 1874, when a few splintery benches and some leaky tents and Model Palestine were all there was of Chautauqua. Think of the intensity of those early years, of the common exaltation and the common discomforts in which the Chautauqua spirit grew. Remember the Bishop in the old dining hall, holding an umbrella over his plate in one hand while he carved tough steak with the other? And Knowers' Ark, frail shelter of celebrities, and Frank Beard drawing Moses in the Bullrushes? And best of all, the vesper service by the calm lake under the stars? The Chautauqua memory is corporate. People who were not born in 1874 recall these things and dwell on them affectionately. Review and appraisal is in the air. The Chautauquans, after fifty years, are thinking what it has meant, what it means. Old Chautauquans have come back because of what it means. Speakers are here to tell them what it means. The program is full.

"Chautauqua Day-lee. Old First Night program!" Think what it means! . . .

"I'll bite, what does it?" The youth from Yale, who is obliging his mother for three days, is ap-

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palled. He turns to shake the hand of yet another old lady who used to see him when he was just a little tot down at the Boys' Club.

It is time, I think, that someone said something sensible about Chautauqua. William James said: "Oh for an Armenian massacre!", and unfortunately Chautauqua is most often described in words that give him reason. Take this picture of an amphitheatre audience, for instance:

"The audience are just folks. But what fine folks they are! Hair gray, but heart young. Wits keen. Common sense along with them. Six thousand come to hear some great leader, to look into his face; to study his eyes; to watch his actions to determine whether his life entitles him to their confidence. . . It is a hand-picked audience. Not for looks, not for clothes, but for heart and soul quality. . . The salt of the earth it is—good, kindly, wholesome American!"

This is not language which the youth from Yale can understand. He does not sympathize with it. The Chautauqua movement may express something in American civilization which is having an incalculable effect on his own life, but until that is explained to him in language he trusts, he will not only disbelieve it, he will resent it with an intolerance he would deplore in anyone else on any other subject.

Chautauqua Institution was founded in 1874 on the shores of Lake Chautauqua in western New York as a summer training school for Sunday school teachers. Mr. Lewis Miller and Bishop John Heyl Vincent, the founders, had conceived the rather novel idea of a unified Sunday school course taught by trained teachers instead of texts and "lessons" administered by well-meaning volunteers. It occurred to them that the Bible might be unformalized and taught in a realistic, even enjoyable way, that long dreary hours of exhortation were not so "good" for children as they were supposed to be, that an interesting lesson might conceivably be better than a dull one. It is not hard, even now, to imagine the excitement with which these two men elaborated this idea which has since spread and developed and been defined until it dominates modern instruction. They rode in the van of humanitarian education, everything was to be discovered, theirs was the freedom of uncharted fields. With the zest of creators they organized courses, arranged subjects, and invented such devices as the model of Palestine and the Oriental House and the Tabernacle in the Wilderness, where a Rev. Chautauquan gave lectures daily in mitre, robe and breastplate, to give color to Scriptural history. The Chautauqua Assembly, though subject of the experiment, shared their excitement and inspiration. It was in those early days when breakfast was at seven, and the normal class met twice daily, and ministers were beginning to joke about one another's denominations, that the "Chautauqua spirit" first bound the Assembly with an intense loyalty to the institution and its leaders. Thousands came and were conquered. By a sort of silent initiation they were transformed into Chautauquans, an earnest enthusiastic brotherhood, full of faith in God and education.

The Chautauqua Assembly was not three years old before it began to feel the pressure of other eager minds, just as full of faith but not so absorbed in Sunday schools. The people from near at hand who flocked in to hear Chautauqua speakers symbolized a whole nation's appetite for education and culture. Colleges were aristocratic in those days; there were no summer sessions nor correspondence schools to appease the mental famine which, with a return to leisure and prosperity after war, was sweeping over the country. Bishop Vincent and Mr. Miller saw their little horizon recede down shining vistas of possibility. They dedicated Chautauqua afresh.

The spirit grew and grew—Chautauqua yielded to insistence. It stretched. The session stretched from two weeks to six. The curriculum stretched to include theological courses, normal courses for lay teachers, undergraduate courses, art and music, kindergarten and elementary classes, a library school, a school of expression, athletics. . . Every penny of the profits was turned back to stretch it more. And so the first (and for some years the best) system of summer schools in the country was perfected, and people came from obvious and abstruse corners of the earth for to learn and for to know. No matter how many thousands came, nor for what divergent ends, nine hundred and ninety-nine of each always went away Chautauquans, and came back, like as not, the next year, to see the lake dazzle through the trees and sniff the damp familiar smells of Chautauqua streets as they strolled across the grounds to a class.

Two other things are braided, with the summer schools, into that significant expression, the Meaning of Chautauqua. The first is the C. L. S. C. In the 'seventies, as I said, there was no adult education in America. A young woman who asked her pastor to recommend some general reading in history was presented with a minimum list of sixty books, headed by Gibbons's Decline and Fall in nine volumes. The public stood wistfully before culture and wondered how to get a hand-hold. Then, in the year 1878, was launched the Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle. If dates hadn't gone out as part of history, that date should have a place among the immortals. The C. L. S. C. was a four years' course designed to give "the student's outlook on the world of thought" by short studies in literature and science, guided reading, reports and correspondence with experts. The father of all correspondence courses, this, a beloved and benevolent parent. Seven hundred registered at Chautauqua the first afternoon the C. L. S. C. was announced, and before a month every bookshop and library in the country was out of Green's Short History, the first book on the list. Four years later, in all academic cir-

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cumstance, were graduated the "Pioneers," the class of 1882, or as many of them as could get to Chautauqua for that momentous rite. "From height to height," was their motto, their symbol the hatchet, and they are having alumni meetings yet. Within a few years 60,000 readers were enrolled in the C. L. S. C. at one time. Bridge clubs and general store palavers were turned into scientific and literary circles; newsboys were inspired to become college presidents; maiden ladies with melancholia staged a come-back with the aid of the C. L. S. C.; a wife and husband about to separate were drawn together again over Green's Short History. "I read as I come on my rounds to the lights, and think it over between times," wrote a night watchman. The "Irrepressibles," the "Argonauts," the "Pierians" followed the "Pioneers," and as year after year the circle of the C. L. S. C. widened in the outer world, its traditions and affections and prides deepened at the centre, adding a rich strain to the meaning of Chautauqua in terms of individual experience, and a symbolic meaning for American history.

In the meantime there developed at Chautauqua what is known as the general program, which has come to overshadow the summer schools. It provides what one writer—one of the misinterpretive ones—has called A Whole Chance for Everyone—for the kiddies, for the tired business man, for the modern woman and mother who "has been so fed up all her life on service, suffering and sacrifice that even she, saint that she is, sometimes feels entitled to just a little peace this side of heaven."

The general program started in the first assemblies as hymn-singing by normal school talent. The first time they rendered a secular number (it was called An Invitation to the Dance) the Bishop sat up half a night answering letters of shocked protest. Now the New York Symphony Orchestra spends five weeks at Chautauqua every summer. Lectures on moot questions early became part of the general program, and every controversy in public notice from 1880 on has been thrashed out on the Chautauqua platform. Both sides of it—for the leaders had tolerance which went a long way, and humor to eke it out. There was a latitude in discussion of tindery matters like Socialism in those early days that would set President Coolidge signing articles for the Delineator now. Even the youth from Yale, who went to a lecture on La Follette prepared to scoff, stayed to ask respectful questions.

The eminent whom Chautauquans have heard and examined at close range make a tremendous list; I mention a few to give the flavor: Carrie Chapman Catt, Mark Hanna, Scott Nearing, Viscount Bryce, Booker T. Washington, William James, Agnes Repplier, Norman Hapgood, T. de Witt Talmadge, R. M. La Follette and six Presidents of the United States. The general program runs the whole gamut of the arts and sciences, and only authorities are allowed a crack at it. But there's still more. No one in the space of one brief article could even name the clubs, unions and associations into which the Chautauquans have grouped themselves for mental, spiritual and physical ends. From the W. C. T. U. to the Roque club they are legion.

Chautauqua on this fiftieth anniversary year is by no means bound to retrospect. It is flourishing. It has a future, there's no doubt of it, whatever the youth from Yale may infer from the average age of the population, for the progress and adaptibility breathed into it the night Bishop Vincent defended An Invitation to the Dance have marked it ever since. Wasn't Flaming Youth at the Chautauqua movies the other day, and aren't you now allowed outside the grounds on Sunday? Yet whatever the promise of the future, the fact is plain that Chautauqua on its fiftieth anniversary is retrospective. That is, it does not live in the past, but it is the past. Seventy members of the 1874 assembly rose in the amphitheatre when the Old First Night roll was called. Twenty-eight of them have been back for every Old First Night for fifty years. Chautauqua is a temporal asylum, not only of actual people but of spirit and temperament. Nowhere else in America is there such an essential survival of the 'seventies and 'eighties and early 'nineties, undiluted by the later decades they have brought forth.

Embalmed in the devoted enthusiasm of the Chautauquans is the spirit that moved America when Chautauqua was founded. That spirit, fresh, undiscriminating, confident, unmechanized, was the ground in which modern American education was sown. It was expressed in Chautauqua. It still is. That is what Chautauqua means.

"If I were a cartoonist," wrote Edwin E. Slosson, "I should symbolize Chautauqua by a tall Greek goddess, a sylvan goddess, with leaves in her hair—not vine leaves but oak, and tearing open the bars of a cage wherein had been confined a bird, say an owl, labelled 'Learning.' For that is what Chautauqua has done for the world—it has turned learning loose."

ELIZABETH VINCENT.

Autumn Wind

Indecent termagant who turns
  Secluded pastures into seas
And tears apart the timid ferns
  And brings the summer to her knees!

What unconsidered arrogance
  Compels this masochistic rage
That sets the window panes adance
  In this my hidden hermitage?

With flashing crimson skirts you pass
  Through woodlands hollow with desire,
And, running through the withered grass,
  Stare back at me with eyes of fire.

HERBERT S. GORMAN.

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What Price Glory

What Price Glory, a play by Maxwell Anderson and Laurence Stallings; directed by Arthur Hopkins. New York: at the Plymouth Theatre. September 5.

WHERE is our war now? Où sont les neiges . . . Where is last year's dirty wash? A few are still wearing the War, some proudly, others like a last torn buttonless shirt, the only one they have. But for most of us the War has gone around the corner; it has been written up and filed away, it is half-remembered and half-forgotten; it lies scattered among thousands of imperfect individual memories, there to be either cursed or glorified out of all resemblance to what it actually was; it rests petrified in a million yellowing pages of stony half-truth, in records, reports, press cables, editorials, books, from which those who come after us will diligently reconstruct a logical skeleton, an accurate, lying skeleton of the living Thing we saw and heard.

They will write histories of the War, novels, romances about it, and, inevitably, plays. They will make most of our mistakes at such a job all over again. They will do Napoleon at Waterloo, Grant at Appomatox, Hindenburg here, Foch there, admirals at Jutland, generals at Verdun, soldiers in the trenches, wives at home, bombs, wounds, noise, agony and heroism all over again. We've done it ourselves, many times, in plays full of the speech of authors, not soldiers, in plays horrifying or beautifying in which war is seen as something separate from life, inhabited by men who must therefore behave like soldiers rather than men. This is War, the playwrights have said to themselves, and it must be treated differently.

The authors of What Price Glory have had no such obsession. They have nothing they want to prove, no propaganda one way or the other to inflict. They do not seem to have had it on their minds that this play was about the War, which is one reason why it is far and away the best war play we have seen. But that is only one of its qualities, for it is much more than a war play. Yet it escapes definition, being not so much a play as a number of highly remarkable characters hung on the line of a necessary but unimportant plot in a series of richly memorable scenes.

It is by scenes, by dialogue and by characters rather than as a play that one remembers it. Three marines in a huge bare room near the front, talking about women—wisely naive soldiers' talk. A criss-cross of gay, unpremeditated street-colored slang, slang not the sole property of the marines, nor of soldiers, but of Americans, talk heard in the trenches, but also around the Union Depot while the express trucks are waiting for their load. A top-sergeant and a captain of marines, old leathernecks who had served around the world together, deadly enemies (a girl, of course) meeting again in a knife-edged interchange of sass and callous repressed fury, all the sharper for being whetted by their humor. A little French girl, cause of their renewed rivalry, trotting amiably about in sabots; not too pretty, a bit too plump, not the French girl of the stage, but exactly the little bistro keeper's daughter of a small town behind the lines. Her father, spouting his shrewd flowery protest that the Americans had debauched his girl, clamoring for her marriage, for 500 francs damages, interpreted by an officer in the wonderfully fluent clipped, hashed, lipless French of the American army. The Captain, thoroughly, swayingly drunk, bear-like, stiff-gestured, gradually sobering up to meet the General on his rounds. The act in the cellar, with the brand new trench-coated shave-tails at rigid salute, the Captain's bitterly mocking salaam to them, boots off, legs bare; the Captain's fierce sarcasm, his good nature, crudeness, savage language, sudden tenderness; with the strange conversation about the soul between four soldiers, disconnected, grotesque, meaningless and touching as it really would have been. Old Fergy, the mess sergeant, playing solitaire as he waits for the outfit, talking to the French girl (who does not understand) about Swenson, the Swede, whom Fergy hopes will come back, because he loves to see him eat. The mad entrance of three of the outfit, their rapturous, childlike pounding on the table for minutes, hours. And that most remarkable scene of all, one of the most remarkable on any stage for a long while, the dialogue between the Captain and the Sergeant, the latter in night-drawers and a blue French peasant's smock, offering each other drinks, bowing in drunken, courtly silence, alternately addressing each other in devious rhetoric, or gruff bludgeon slang, or stinging insult, or the gorgeous far-ranging non-sequiturs of cognac.

In this scene are united, for a few minutes, all the qualities of the play. Here we have action, which in the other acts is often no more than incident; here we have the play of character on character rather than the mere succession of characters; and here the characters speak most truly their own words, rather than wear, as happens frequently in the rest of the play, the at times too generous gift of their authors. For What Price Glory is far richer in language than almost any play we have seen. It is full, chuck-full, of "lines," those short unerring shafts of speech that make an audience rock and roar and that are quotable and quoted long, long after. Most of them ring true in the mouths of the characters speaking them; only occasionally do we hear a phrase that comes too obviously from the authors. Some critics, chiefly female, in real or affected horror, have protested at the swearing, which is a necessary, and, if one has ever heard it before, hardly noticeable feature of any play that pretends to reproduce real people in real talk. At that, it is very much milder than the original.

The actors on the whole fit their parts admirably. The majority of them are ex-soldiers themselves, and know very well what they are acting about. They do not have to stretch and strain themselves into their parts, being more than half-way there already. We doubt whether that counsel of perfection which rules that a really good actor ought to be able to play any part regardless of his own private experience, if applied in this case, would have been half as successful as the process of picking men who approached the rôles they were to act. No matter what the gifts of Mr. Boyd and Mr. Wolheim may be as actors in general, in this particular their performance is so solid, memorable and life-like that we don't see the difference.

Years from now, when a new generation wants to know, not its histories and propagandas, its mechanisms, glories and brutalities, but what the War smelt and tasted like, to Americans in it, we doubt if they can do better than put on a revival of this real, and ringing and fiercely good humored play by Mr. Anderson and Mr. Stallings.

ROBERT LITTELL.

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CORRESPONDENCE

Sir William Goode and Hungary

SIR: Your issue of June 25, which has only now come to hand, contains a communication from Sir William Goode, criticizing certain statements made in an article of mine on Reconstructing Hungary, published in an earlier number. In this article I opposed the plan of a loan, under League of Nations auspices, to Hungary on the ground that this loan would help, not the Hungarian people, but its government. This government I described as unrepresentative and terroristic, as a potential danger to the peace of Europe, and pointed out that its very existence rested on a broken pledge.

Sir William attacks along two lines. First, he attempts to refute my charges against the present Hungarian government. Second, he urges that even though Hungary were "imperfect politically" the financial assistance of the League should not be withheld.

I maintained that the Hungarian government had broken the pledge given in November, 1919, to Sir George Clerk, about holding free and impartial elections—the pledge on which Allied recognition was dependent. Sir William replies to this as follows:

"The negotiations. . . were conducted with the clear understanding on both sides that they were merely ad hoc. The agreements reached in November, 1919, automatically lapsed upon the signature of the Treaty of Peace at Trianon on June 4, 1920. After that date the Treaty arbitrarily constituted the sole basis on which rested the external obligations of Hungary. There is, of course, nothing whatever in the Treaty as to the manner in which Hungary shall conduct her elections, and still less anything which would justify intervention by a foreign power on such a purely internal affair."

Well, well! Does Sir William realize what kind of morality he is endorsing by repeating, above his signature, one of the stock arguments of the Hungarian press bureau? The proposition amounts to this: "In so far as cheating is successful it is legitimate."

Sir William admits that terrorism was employed at the election, and adds, in the best official Magyar manner, that this was regrettable. Next, Sir William is much exercised over my unfairness in stating that in 1922 no Social Democrats were elected in the districts where Count Bethlen's decree substituted open polling for the secret ballot prescribed by law. In fact, he says, one-fifth of the Social Democratic deputies were elected in such districts. I bow my head and stand corrected. Incidentally, I thank Sir William for his authentic testimony that the proportion of Socialists elected by secret ballot and by open polling respectively is four to one. That explains why Count Bethlen introduced the innovation, doesn't it?

Sir William's indignation over my Hungarian friend's statement: "We only have a massacre or two a year," is amusing, as in the next sentence he declares that nine persons were killed by a bomb in a political outrage. His objections do not even touch upon the core of my article, contained in the sentence: "But if the White Terror is less terroristic than it was in 1920, it is also infinitely better organized."

Sir William's attempt to dispose of this statement by quoting the official Hungarian murder statistics shows, either that he does not understand what I say, or else that he underestimates his readers' intelligence. It is not by bombs that only kill nine people and thus do not qualify into the massacre class that the White Terror manifests itself in the Hungary of 1924. It is true that in Hungary no more officers' detachments scour the countryside murdering, raping and looting. It is true that the unspeakable horrors of the Hotel Britannia and the Kelenfold barracks have ceased. But if the first phase of the terror is over, the second is all the more powerful. There is no freedom of speech, of assembly, of association, of press, of academic teaching in Hungary today. It is still possible for the government to dispose of persons holding unpopular opinions by sending them to an internment camp on the ground that they are "unreliable." This is done not by judicial but by administrative proceeding—indeed, the measure is invoked to deal with people whom not even the courts sitting in the name of Regent Horthy could convict of any overt act. The advocacy of a republican form of government is still punishable and punished with imprisonment—and this in a country whose Regent had his crowned King imprisoned and delivered to his enemies! It is still possible for the police to drive out and practically starve inconvenient persons of the working class by ordering them to report at such hours and with such frequency as to make their employment impossible. The slightest sign of unrest among the agricultural laborers is still dealt with by bayonet and internment camp. Persecution of the faintest stir of dissent, discrimination on the ground of race are still the order of the day.

And as to Sir William's much vaunted land reform—does he know that the lands taken over by the government are allotted in the first place to ex-officers and non-coms of ascertained and reliable political views on a kind of military tenure? Does he know that in the midst of twentieth century Europe the Horthy régime is attempting to create a Janissary class as a defense against the demand for a genuine redistribution of the land?

Sir William proposes an alternative line of argument. He writes:

"The argument that a country which has accepted foreign control of its finances and given all the political guarantees which have been demanded by the League of Nations should be allowed to collapse because it has been or is now imperfect politically is surely so contrary to common sense and to the common welfare of other nations as to be ridiculously untenable."

So it is. Far from opposing financial assistance to Hungary, I argued that the League loan could and ought to be made into a real blessing for Hungary by granting it on terms that would ensure genuine democratic reforms. In other words, I opposed the loan to the Bethlen government while favoring a loan to Hungary.

But Sir William is not interested in Hungary. He is interested in Count Bethlen's government. Hinc illae lachrymae—or, in English, hence those crocodile tears.

EUGENE S. BAGGER.

Vienna, Austria.

What the Legion Wants

SIR: My attention has been called to the editorial reference to The American Legion politics in the issue of July 2. Realizing that you have no desire to mislead your readers, by distributing erroneous information, I am writing to give you the correct information. Your editorial paragraph referred to the Legion as crusading for an universal service law. In this you are in error.

The Legion is crusading for an universal draft act, which, if passed, will place at the disposal of the government, without profit to any one person, the men, money and material resources of this nation. The difference between universal draft and universal service is obvious, and we are not, as your editorial would seem to indicate, espousing the cause of universal service—implying thereby, compulsory universal military service. On the contrary, to the last-mentioned, the Legion is heartily opposed.

At the New Orleans convention of the Legion held in 1922, the delegates, representing the organized veterans of this country, resolved that the present tradition of waging war is unjust and to be condemned.

America, caught in the tradition of the professional fighting men, inherited from mediæval days, had adhered to the old world habit of thinking in terms of those who do the fighting and those who pay for it—and profit by it, unfortunately. The Legion condemned the idea of sacrificing the many for the profit of the few, and passed a resolution urging the enactment of legislation which would place all the resources of this country at the disposal of the government in time of emergency. If men can be drafted to fight, then why not materials and capital, the Legion asked.

The Legion condemns a system which drafts one man to risk his life and face hardship for thirty dollars a month, when an equally good potential soldier goes into munitions or shipyards and makes fifteen dollars a day. Also, the Legion condemns a system which allows manufacturers to take advantage of a government's desperate straits and collect profits of a thousand dollars a day. The man who fabricates the rifle should get no more than the man who fires it; and the owner of the rifle factory should profit no more proportionately.

Since the Legion drafted that resolution, an universal draft bill has been introduced in both branches of the Congress; and, as

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you may have noticed, the major parties have placed the principle of universal draft in their platforms. So, it would seem that eventually such a bill will become a law in spite of the opposition which may be expected from the men who reaped the greatest harvest of dollars in the last war.

And I am not cynical when I say that in my opinion if an universal draft act is enacted into law—and it will be if the Legion's whole-hearted support counts for anything—if such a bill is enacted into law, I repeat, it will reduce the chances of war. For, if you take out of war's lottery the biggest prize of all—gold—you will have removed one of the causes of war.

I hope this will clearly set forth the Legion's attitude toward this subject and clear away the misunderstanding.

JOHN R. QUINN.

Indianapolis, Ind.

The Corporations and the Candidate

SIR: The New Republic seems to find valid the common objection to Mr. Davis's presidential candidacy—that he accepted employment from J. P. Morgan, or from Morgan corporations.

The late Professor Steinmetz was a salaried, full-time employe of the General Electric Company, a large corporation in which the Morgan interest is supposed to be paramount. Yet the Socialists of New York, who now object to Mr. Davis as a "lackey of the House of Morgan," found the other Morgan employe, Mr. Steinmetz, even though he was opposed to a cardinal Socialistic principle, public ownership, available as a candidate, and a most excellent one, who, if fitness, not political faith, was the test, would have been elected for State Engineer of New York.

If the great "monopolistic" corporations are to exercise the privilege of employing the best available talent, regardless of political faith, and the United States is denied similar privilege, will not the corporations find themselves greatly advantaged and the United States correspondingly disadvantaged?

When the great corporations employ talent they ignore previous employment, politics, religion, etc. Can the United States afford to place themselves at the disadvantage of doing otherwise, and of making professional remoteness, religion, and previous employment, K. K. K. qualifications, a sine qua non for election to public service?

When the "Money Kings" employ a man, they assume, without giving the subject a moment's consideration that, regardless of past affiliations, he will serve them faithfully. They trust him implicitly. Can the United States afford to do otherwise? Are we to assume that a native born, competent American can be a loyal servant of a private employer and cannot be a loyal servant of the nation? If this is so, the corporations possess a very distinct advantage over the body politic, and we are, indeed, lost, as a nation. Of course, in the dog-eat-dog of politics it all depends upon whose candidate he is, but I feel that the New Republic should be above such chauvinism.

H. B. B.

Votes for La Follette Not Lost

SIR: In one of the editorials of your August 13 issue you say: "La Follette cannot be elected, and a vote for him is a vote for some more remote political benefit." In another you say: "He has 'staged a comeback' as spectacular as that of MacDonald, and one which may conceivably be crowned with similar results next November." Preferring the second statement to the first, I am urging you also to prefer it as an editorial conviction. The great present obstacle to La Follette's chances appear to me to lie in the widespread feeling, among persons who would like to vote for La Follette, that their vote would be cast away. The number of such persons is legion; and if only their doubts might be knocked over, I think there would be a sweeping change in political prospects. The assumption that La Follette cannot be elected is, after all, rather insulting to the intelligence of the American people. So is the assumption that if only one of the older parties is to survive, it must be the Republican. Do you think it conceivable that an honest people would reëlect Calamity Coolidge? A man who is corrupt and gets something out of it is a crook; but a man who shields corruption and gets nothing out of it is a fool. If I am any judge of Americans they prefer a crook to a fool any time, and a brave, honest man when they can get one.

WITTER BYNNER.

Santa Fé, N. M.

The Bandwagon

OR TOO DEEP

Dwight W. Morrow, partner in J. P. Morgan and Company addressed the Institute and showed the members that even big bankers were human. But he insisted on saying very little about the Reparations agreement. Meet him, and hear him say (not for quotation): "Nature placed a head on a man for the same reason that a head is placed on a pin—to prevent him from going too far."

—New York World.

ET TU; BABBITT

Shakespeare was a great salesman in the plays he wrote . . . In the conversation between Cassius, Casca and Trebonius about Caesar, Shakespeare has given a very modern instance of scientific salesmanship, and practically the same kind of conversation may be heard among automobile men when discussing some competitor.

These fellows were worrying about Caesar's success. . . . They said, "Did you hear what Caesar did yesterday?" and they began knocking him. Now Caesar seemed to go on succeeding—it didn't bother him—but look how it ruined those other fellows. So finally they said (just like a lot of fellows do nowadays): "We have just got to assassinate that bird because he is getting too much on our nerves," so they sold themselves that idea . . .

Now they had to have a fellow at the head of the plot who had a standing in the community because those fellows hadn't been successful enough to have a standing, so they got Brutus, a big, broad-gauged Roman citizen, and they sold him the idea. It is the cleverest thing how Brutus was sold on this proposition.

At this assassination there was a fellow by the name of Mark Antony. He didn't stay for the actual murder because he had business elsewhere. He went on to a safe distance and negotiated with Brutus for some kind of an insurance contract to guarantee him against harm.

Mark Antony had an agreement, and so when he rushed in he took advantage of it. . . . Brutus, having the egotism of most salesmen, said: "That is all right, go ahead; but I will make the first speech and sell the idea."

I wish every automobile salesman would get a copy of that speech and read it over many times and try to find a single place in Brutus's speech where there isn't real high-class salesmanship. What does he say? Does he rush in and say: "You don't want an automobile this spring, do you? You don't want a new one, do you?" No, Brutus walked right in and said:

"Had you rather Caesar were living, and die all slaves, than that Caesar were dead, to live all free men?"

How can you answer that question except in Brutus's favor? In other words, when you go to sell a car and the other fellow says, "When can I get delivery?" and you say, "When do you want it?" you have the advantage.

Mark Antony would have succeeded as the greatest salesman of all time, he would have succeeded as the greatest character, but he failed in the quality without which no house can stand, without which no business can stand, without which no individual can eventually stand, and that is the quality of sincerity.

—From a speech by William B. Burrus to the Convention of the National Automobile Dealers' Association, as reported in the New York Times.

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New Wars for Old

The Triumph of Lord Palmerston, by B. Kingsley Martin. New York: Lincoln MacVeagh, The Dial Press. $3.50.

IT must be said at the outset that the title in no way indicates the real interest and importance of the present volume. Lord Palmerston has long since passed into the limbo of historical mythology, interesting because of catchwords like Civis Romanus, and his quarrel with the queen; and the Crimean War, to which he owed his triumph, has likewise been dismissed from constructive history as an unnecessary and badly conducted enterprise remembered chiefly for Florence Nightingale's nursing and Lord Salisbury's cynical comment that England had put her money on the wrong horse. But Mr. Martin has given us from these somewhat unpromising materials a book of strong immediate appeal and great future value, an example of eminently constructive historical research, a study of the biology of war. Mr. Martin states as his object "to analyse the development of public opinion on foreign affairs in the years preceding the Crimean War . . . to discover how it happened that so large a proportion of the people of England came to possess a common image of a distant situation which made war seem the only honorable and generous policy." Obviously we have here a study, the method of which may and should be applied to other wars, even our own.

From one point of view Mr. Martin's choice of his subject is almost a necessary one. The Crimean War, following forty years of peace after Waterloo, was the first newspaper war, the first war in which appears the phenomenon of that "irrelevance in political discussion [which] constantly exists between those who have direct knowledge and contact with events, and the outside public, whose picture of the situation depends on a dramatic representation of it in the newspapers." The Crimean War was literally made by public opinion in a democracy. To treat the causes of such a war is an immensely more difficult task than to trace the web of diplomatic circumstance attending, for example, the War of the Spanish Succession. Mr. Martin has had to deal not only with state papers, diplomatic correspondence, records of meetings of Parliament and the Cabinet, but with newspapers, cartoons, pamphlets, broadsides, diaries, mass meetings, all the various engines by which public opinion is made and recorded. In this study Mr. Martin has used something of the ideology of Mr. Walter Lippmann's Public Opinion, and something of the method of Mr. Lytton Strachey, with a directness of application to his theme which marks his book as a genuine contribution to the new school of historical writing.

Another justification of Mr. Martin's choice of the Crimean War is the dramatic suddeness with which the situation developed and British public opinion declared itself for war. On the acceptance of office by Lord Aberdeen's ministry in January, 1853, nothing seemed less likely than that within fourteen months the nation would be at war with Russia. The ministry was a coalition of men of unusual intelligence, disinterestedness, and sincere devotion to peace, Aberdeen, Clarendon, Sidney Herbert, Gladstone, Argyll. Parliament was largely the same in membership as that which had been returned to approve the Repeal of the Corn Laws. The influence of Cobden and Bright was strong in the House of Commons where they were developing the doctrine of free trade as a universal solvent for war. The leading newspaper in England, the Times, with a circulation of 40,000, against which its nearest rival could show only 7000, was for peace. Finally, and most important, the coup d'état had just taken place; the English people had a reincarnation of their ancestral enemy in Louis Napoleon, and public opinion was occupying itself with the fear of an invasion from France.

Against this array of forces making for peace there was the demand of the Czar upon Turkey for the protection of Christian minorities; there was the presence at Constantinople as English ambassador of Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, who was willing to fight for Turkey; there was in the cabinet Lord Palmerston, eager to recover the prestige which he had lost by being dismissed from the Foreign Office two years before, and along with his newspaper allies willing to let the situation become acute in order to justify the return of the strong man and a strong foreign policy. On the continent Louis Napoleon was anxious to change English enmity into alliance, and to consolidate his control of France by a successful war. Turkey, encouraged by Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, was eager to profit by the support of the western powers to rid herself of Russian pressure. It was Turkey which forced the hand of the British ministry by declaring war on Russia, and sending an absurdly weak, unprepared squadron to be sunk by the Russian fleet at Sinope. Then the English public broke loose. The young and jealous journals saw their chance, and the Times was "browbeaten into support of the war." After some months of mismanagement, the ministry was reconstructed with Palmerston at of which Mr. Martin finds no anticipation is the influence until his death ten years later.

In all this the American reader will see a close application of Mr. Martin's method to the study of our own Spanish War and the War against Germany. We may translate fact for fact; the pacific cabinets of McKinley and Wilson in place of Aberdeen's, the ambition of Roosevelt, the clamor of the Hearst press, the diplomatic efforts of American ambassadors like Mr. Page to put us into war, the blowing up of the Maine and the Lusitania, the final preoccupation of both cabinets lest the enemy should escape by diplomatic retreat. The only element of which Mr. Martin finds no anticipation is the influence of the bankers and industrialists.

When Mr. Martin comes to deal with the picture of English public opinion at the beginning of the war he spares us none of the heart-searching parallels. There is the fanatical devotion to allies. A speaker at a public meeting described Turkey as "among the most enlightened of European nations, if enlightenment meant high moral principle"; at another meeting the speaker declared of the Sultan that "it would be no dishonor to Englishmen if they were to rank him with the Alfreds and Edwards." There is the equally fanatical reprobation of the enemy—the Russian army was "a secret, stealthy creeping mass slowly dragging its enormous bulk like some reptile toward that noble, that devoted band of paladins" (the British, French and Turks). There is the rationalization of the war by its attribution to conspiracy. Lord Shaftesbury declared in the house of Lords "his deliberate conviction that this [Russian policy] was a long conceived and gigantic scheme, determined on years ago and now

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to be executed for the prevention of all religious freedom and so ultimately of all civil freedom among millions of mankind." To justify war against this nefarious plot the name of Liberty was invoked (Russia was "dangerous to the liberties of Europe" declared Palmerston) and the cause of peace ("The object of the present war is the establishment of the peace and security of Europe on a solid and permanent foundation"). There is the hypocritical concurrence of the clergy preaching the war as a holy one: Broad Church Maurice blasphemously hoping "something from the war, chiefly as a sign of what God is doing"; Dissenter Dale unctuously rejoicing that the nation had shown itself capable of sacrifice for unselfish ends; Unitarian Martineau prating that England must regard the war as a trust to vindicate "the common and universal law of God" offended by Russian despotism. There is the Peace Society becoming dumb or apologetic. Only the Friends stood firm and sent a deputation to Russia which was, Mr. Martin tells us, "received with courtesy by the Czar and with patriotic opprobrium at home." Finally there are the protagonists of the drama with speaking parts—the statesmen: Lord Clarendon, Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, who represented the dominant feeling in the cabinet in admitting that England had "drifted into war," but was weary of trying to make head against the drift; Lord Palmerston, to whose personal fortunes war was necessary; Mr. Gladstone, who divided the hairs of his conscience with his "not fighting for the Turks but warning Russia off forbidden ground," and Mr. Bright, who answered this by pointing out that the war was diplomatically avoidable, that England was fighting with Turkey, which had refused her mediation, against Russia, which had accepted it. There is one figure, however, in Mr. Martin's columns for which we look in vain for a parallel. It is the leader who if overborne, is honest enough to point out and admit his defeat, and feel a decent human remorse for the bitter results of it. Lord Aberdeen thought that with more courageous support in his cabinet he could have prevented war, but he confessed that this want of support though it might palliate, could not altogether justify his course, and declared to Bright that "his grief was such that he felt as if every drop of blood that would be shed would rest upon his head."

ROBERT MORSS LOVETT.

Leonid Andreyev

Leonid Andreyev, A Critical Study by Alexander Kaun. New York: B. W. Huebsch. $3.50.

HARDLY any English or American critic is better qualified to write of Andreyev than Dr. Kaun. The research work that he has done in Russian literature and in Russian political history gives him an enviable starting point from which to approach so complex a subject. Indeed one feels sometimes that this particular book is over-burdened with information, that it might have been rendered more readable if its method of composition had been less thorough. We all of us appreciate the danger to an author of knowing too little about his subject, but few of us realize that to know too much is often just as damaging.

For with all this data at his fingers' ends what a demoniac brochure on the tragedy of Andreyev's career might not Dr. Kaun have written. How unequivocal it might have been, how imaginative, how finished—transfixing the psychological problem of this strange crepuscular life with the merciless precision of a long bodkin which in the clear light of day pins the fluttering body of a death's head moth to a plane board of cork! Written in its present form the book tends to lose interest, while in a work whose chief merit must obviously lie in its erudition it is disconcerting to come upon words such as *soulful* and *colorful*, words which one is accustomed to associate with less distinguished writing. And yet out of these long laborious conscientious chapters "certain leanings of Andreyev's wavering unity-lacking mind" are eventually made clear, certain epochs of his physical life made plain.

We see him as a young boy skating over thin river-ice at his home in Orel, or "testing his fate" by lying on the railway track and allowing a train to pass over him. We see him a starving student, a successful writer, and finally we see him retiring to his fantastic home in Finland there to undergo a slow disintegration, moral, spiritual, and physical.

Never was a theatrical poseur hoisted with his own petard more completely than was Leonid Andreyev. This lover of chaos, this man who could look the Being in Grey in the eye and remain unperturbed, this man whose imagination could stiffen him into scoriac immobility becomes suddenly affrighted. How ironical such a bombastic utterance as the following sounds in relation to what was to take place. "A queer head emerged on a snakelike neck, with a pale face and eyes that were not good, I have come." Small wonder that old Tolstoy who himself knew well how silk underwear feels below a hair shirt remarked on one occasion "Andreyev says Boo! But I am not scared." The fact was that this "queer son of chaos" who for two decades kept half Europe on the jump with his grim stories was one of the first "to get the wind up him" when Red Laughter was actually to be heard in every city and hamlet and barton of Europe. And what makes his case the more tragic is the fact that he himself knew what was happening, knew that beyond all expectation life had suddenly said Boo to him and that when it had come down to what the vulgar call brass tacks this aegis of horror he had raised proved brittle as a scrannel "moment."

Could anything have been more humiliating to the complicated nature of this vain proud man than to find that in the last issue that herd instinct in him was stronger than his own intellect? "The poisoning of my soul began with the war" he wrote. "I succeeded in putting a bridle on my imagination and rendering it in regard to the war purely formal," and yet all the time there worked below his "secret underground imagination," which made it apparent to him even when he was applauding the war-madness that in spite of patriotic tattoos, "at the coffin's portal young life shall play anew," and that after all it did not matter very much whether it was to be "young Russian life or young German life."

Many great writers have had in them a vein of alloy which till the day of their death is never shown up. Unluckily for Andreyev he lived long enough to have his bluff called. To describe life as chaos in writing was a very different thing, he found, from feeling the real draught of the chaos against his own scalp. From the declaration of the Great War the hunted soul of "this systematic disillusioner" betrayed itself further and

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further. Every time the abominable crested cock of chaos crew he hastened to deny once more the secret integrity of his being. He, the lonely one, found that he could wave a national flag as well as another, that he could prostitute his art in the interests of a senseless war, that he could become the editor of an official paper, that he could issue cries for help to a cynical world which was witnessing the consummation of the theories that he had been indirectly propagating for twenty years. Undoubtedly it was these spiritual conflicts, these frustrations that killed him.

There in his mock castle, the architecture of which was in itself an evidence of something meretricious in his taste, he stayed brooding behind "enormous plate glass windows," like a sick serpent in a reptile house whose black poison has turned to milk and who in his terrible humiliation can find no hole in the tin floor of his cage down which to creep.

More alone than he had ever been this distracted master of puppet-horror found himself put out of countenance by the protrusion of stark reality. The north wind, that wind he had always hated, seemed now to be blowing constantly. He tried to console himself in his yacht "cruising through the treacherous skerries" but in vain. He had a piece of tarred rope tied to the end of his bed the smell of which was intended to revive his spirits with thoughts of the tumultuous strength of the ocean but still his secret underground imagination worked on. He wrote long letters to his mother, to his "little mushroom" as he so quaintly called her, but all the time despair gnawed at his heart. He longed to escape. "I yearn" he writes "for the South, the South, the South--passionately, unutterably." "To think," he cries somewhat unexpectedly and one cannot but surmise, with a certain innocence, "that I shall never find myself in Los Angeles, whence I once received a graceful letter from a Spanish lady."

He is completely unable to write. He is bewildered by what is taking place. He thinks of the past, of his fortunate literary career. "I rose," he writes

> "with each work straight upward like a rocket, rose swiftly, decidedly, and radiantly, then suddenly stopped . . . as though in the very air I had stumbled at some barrier and I flutter beneath the ceiling like a bat."

He sends out his desperate S. O. S. against the Bolsheviki and one blushes at the febrile extravagance of its tone. It is addressed to those journalists "who have long earned the name of knights of the Holy Ghost, and write not with ink, but with their nerves and blood."

Like so many bulls of Bashan his miseries close him in on every side. His health has gone. He is confronted by the prospect of extreme poverty. "I feel as though I was in a grave up to my belt" he cries. He spends his last Easter in his gaunt house. "My condition is no worse than that of Christ at this time" he comments with something of his old grandiloquence.

He lingers on till the late summer a shattered man of letters who had found the world of action too much for him. He died on September 12th, 1919, to those who appreciated his dark wizardry, a figure disturbing, awe-inspiring, meteoric—to the others, to the rest "an abominable toady and lackey of the bourgeoisie."

LLEWELYN POWYS.

Sociology and Politics

Sociology and Political Theory, a Consideration of the Sociological Basis of Politics, by Harry Elmer Barnes. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

POLITICAL theory has never been an all absorbing branch of human speculation. One may search the pages of history in vain for a political philosopher who was not more interested in something else. Even during the past century, when politics has been recognized as an independent science, students of government have been only mildly interested in its theoretical aspects. Those who have contributed to this phase of the subject have been content to follow the lead of the legalistic school, or at most have succeeded in modifying such abstract and largely irrelevant notions as "natural rights" and " sovereignty." In general, the last century has been one of historic and descriptive study in politics, and as regards political theory, the situation is hardly improved at the present time. The current emphasis upon the statistical and psychological methods are diverting scholars once more from political speculation. With so many propositions already in dire need of demonstration, and with such excellent facilities for demonstrating them, why should time be wasted in inventing new propositions? The upshot of the matter is that political theory has again been largely turned over to those most interested in it. The sociologists of the twentieth century have replaced the lawyers of the nineteenth.

It is in this connection that Professor Barnes has made an exceptionally important contribution to the literature of both political science and sociology. Nowhere else can one find in such brief compass and such readable form as accurate and comprehensive summary of the contemporaneous developments in both political and social thinking as in this little volume. But the book is more than a bibliographical digest of writers of the past half century. It is an important contribution to the study of the relationship between the two sciences. All well-read scholars in the social sciences know that sociology has contributed much to political theory, but it remained for Professor Barnes to show the importance and extent of that contribution. By taking up seriatim the traditional fields of political theory, and by presenting the views of the sociological writers on those subjects, he has endeavored to show that, in the last half century, they "have made extremely significant contributions to every phase of political theory, and that no conscientious political scientist can well afford to remain ignorant of the nature and sources of such contributions."

In the main, it must be admitted, the author has succeeded admirably in his task. The extent and significance of sociological contributions to such subjects as the form of the state, the process of government, the nature of political parties, the scope of state activity, and even to the conduct of international relations are of unusual importance. But one cannot refrain from suggesting that there are other branches of inquiry in political science that Professor Barnes does not touch. Of the tremendous amount of work which has recently been done in the subject of public administration, no mention is made, and apparently the sociologists have had likewise nothing to say about the judiciary or the electorate. Indeed, with the notable exception of the study of the process of government, the sociologists seem not to have expanded

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Concerning These Radical Fellows

GENERAL DAWES unconsciously acted as our publicity agent.

* * *

"A mobilization of radicalism under La Follette, the largest section of which, the Socialists, fly the Red flag, is attacking the Constitution of the United States," he declared in his Augusta speech.

* * *

Very interesting, this.

* * *

Especially when viewed in the light thrown upon the extent of radical thought by Edwin W. Hullinger's article "Radicalism in the United States" in the October number of Scribner's Magazine.

* * *

It makes the reading of Mr. Hullinger's article doubly interesting,—almost imperative.

* * *

Mr. Hullinger was correspondent for the United Press in Russia. He found, strangely enough, that Bolshevism has its good side and its bad, like any other government.

* * *

In Russia he heard rumors of Red Revolution in America. When he returned to this country he began to investigate these rumors. He traveled from coast to coast and his investigations stretched over more than a year.

* * *

He interviewed Upton Sinclair, and other radicals. He talked with the Los Angeles judge who condemned one hundred I. W. W.'s to prison for a political offense, and with Attorney J. H. Ryckman, who defended them.

He worked and lived and talked with fruit pickers in the California orchards, and other laborers.

* * *

The October Scribner's Magazine contains the result of his investigations.

* * *

General Dawes declares war on the radicals; Mr. Hullinger would remove the causes which turn radicals into revolutionists.

* * *

This is but one feature of the October Scribner's Magazine.

* * *

Ernest J. Eberling's discussion of "Child Labor as a National Problem" is a clear argument in favor of the Twentieth Amendment, now before the state legislatures.

* * *

Thomas A. Jaggar's "Predicting Earthquakes" does not refer to political landslides, but it is interesting for those who would like to know what chance their particular bit of terra firma has of remaining firm.

* * *

Articles and discussions such as these are features of each number of Scribner's Magazine, occupying a larger place in the Magazine than ever before and carrying real significance. Avoiding merely academic presentations, Scribner's Magazine publishes vigorous and capable discussions, based upon thorough knowledge and real interest.

* * *

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* * *

And without a clash of ideas there is no fire in thought.

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the scope of traditional political theory. In fact it may be doubted if they have kept pace with the current developments in political science. But by bringing a new terminology and a broader viewpoint they have succeeded in amplifying and modernizing much of our older thought regarding compulsory human organization. While many political scientists have recognized the limitations of the older scope of their subject and have substituted for theory a behavioristic study, the sociologists have definitely appropriated both the scope and much of the method of the older political science as a foundation upon which to build. The stone which the publicists rejected has been made the head of the corner.

In another respect it is questionable if the situation of political theory is as desperate as one might at first suppose. An ardent student of political science of the traditional type will be both amused and irritated to find some of his most illustrious colleagues classed as sociologists. One may not protest seeing Bentley, Oppenheimer, or Robinson so designated, but when Maitland, Michels, Wallas, and even Duguit, Laski, Freund, and Lippmann are included under that catagory, one almost suspects Professor Barnes of being ironical. On the other hand, the list of political scientists is no less amusing. Between Rousseau and Burgess no name appears but that of Alexander Hamilton. Of the present day students of politics two of the three mentioned, Merriam and Beard, could certainly be classed as sociologists fully as logically as Walter Bagehot or John Fiske. One cannot help wondering what was the basis of the author's distinction when confronted with such a series of paradoxes. Were it not for the presence of a handful of contemporaneous students of politics, one would almost conclude that Professor Barnes considers it a dead science which has recently been supplanted by sociology!

But it would be unfair to leave the matter here. If this is a criticism of Professor Barnes, it is even more a criticism of contemporaneous writers on both social and political theory. What has actually happened in the past quarter century is that there has been such a mutual interpenetration of sociology and political science that the line between them has become practically indiscernible. The sociologists have based much of their work upon the traditional political theory and have carried forward the speculation in a broader, and in some respects more satisfactory manner. The students of politics have in turn broadened their outlook and have left the narrow legalistic or descriptive studies far behind in an effort to develop a body of political knowledge which will be more useful in the modern world. In so doing they have more than met the sociologists half way, in many cases actually trespassing on the latter's domain.

Politics as a science never has been, and probably never will be, able to stand alone. On the other hand there is no doubt that sociology is much richer for the aid which students of politics have given it. The two subjects are mutually complementary phases of a single inquiry. It is encouraging, therefore, to find political scientists willing and able to cooperate with the sociologists to such an extent that an eminent sociologist like Professor Barnes considers them one with himself. It is doubly encouraging to find sociology using the work of the student of government and carrying forward their theory along such original and fertile lines.

RODNEY L. MOTT.

Bacon: Literary Proteus

The Countesse of Pembroke's Arcadia, Examined and Discussed by the late Edward George Harman, C. B. London: Palmer. 12s. 6d.

This book is made up as follows: The first three chapters contain a useful *précis* of Sir Philip Sidney's Arcadia, with extensive quotations; the next seven chapters discuss that work, propose interpretations, and advance the statement that the real author was Francis Bacon, Lord Verulam; Chapter XI deals with Lodge; in the appendix is an article entitled The Shakespeare Problem, containing the old claim that Bacon was the author of Shakespeare's plays. In this preface the author explains that this work is the fourth of a series, the others of which are entitled: Edmund Spenser and the Impersonations of Francis Bacon, Gabriel Harvey and Thomas Nashe, and The Impersonality of Shakespeare. If they resemble the book here reviewed they must be curious volumes.

The gentle mania for proving, with or without the aid of cryptograms, that the works of great writers were composed by someone else, has produced singular statements for the contemplation of mankind. It has been conclusively proved that Shakespeare was (*a*) Bacon, (*b*) Lord Southampton, (*c*) Lord Rutland. It has been proved equally conclusively that Aristotle wrote the works of Homer, Corneille the works of Molière, Bramwell Brontë his sister's novel, Wuthering Heights. Dr. Leaf proved (as a joke) that Homer was written by Professor Margoliouth, and some waggish fellow undertook to prove that Cromwell wrote Paradise Lost. A Frenchman has proved that Napoleon was a Solar myth. In this present year Dr. Couchoud has proved (in a most interesting book) that Jesus Christ never existed. But the Baconians hold the world's record for proving, and the late Mr. Harman must have been one of their chief record-holders. It is true that Mr. Parker Woodward has proved that Francis Bacon was the son of Queen Elizabeth and the Earl of Leicester, though Mr. Harman proved that Francis Bacon was the son of Sir Nicholas Bacon and Ann, his wife—a curious lapse into orthodoxy. Mr. Harman made up for this by proving a number of remarkable facts about Bacon, which were entirely unknown to his contemporaries and in most cases never suspected by anyone until he published the results of his investigations.

According to Mr. Harman, Francis Bacon was the author of the following: (*a*) Bacon's Works; (*b*) Shakespeare's Works; (*c*) part of Ben Jonson's Timber; (*d*) Edmund Spenser's Works; (*e*) Sir Philip Sidney's Works; (*f*) the speeches delivered at Whitehall in 1581 by Sir Philip Sidney, Fulke Greville, Lords Arundel and Windsor; (*g*) several of Robert Greene's Works; (*h*) most of Thomas Nashe's Works; (*i*) most of Lodge's Works; (*j*) Stephen Gosson's School of Abuse. (Strange that Bacon should write plays under the name of Shakespeare, having previously attacked them under the name of Gosson at the age of eighteen, just after writing the Shepherd's Calendar.) In addition, Mr. Harman referred with complacency to Mr. Parker Woodward's assertion that Watson was Francis Bacon, and he talked in a mysterious way about "the supposed Puttenham," so doubtless the Arte of English Poesie was also written by Francis Bacon. A man of tireless energy, this Bacon, a literary Proteus strangely untouched by literary ambition and strangely

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fortunate in his ability to persuade other men to sign his works and to keep complete silence, all of them, all their lives, about the transaction. Shakespeare, Spencer, Sidney, Greene, Nashe, Lodge, Gosson, Watson—all Bacon; and no one knew anything about it until recently—neither Ben Jonson nor Steevens nor Dr. Johnson nor Coleridge nor Lamb nor Malone nor Sidney Lee nor Leslie Stephen. The people who inscribed the epitaph on the grave of Edmund Spencer in Westminster Abbey were either deceived or deceiving; and so were the persons who wrote the Latin verses under the actor's bust at Stratford.

Why did Bacon conceal this stupendous mass of writing under other people's names? Mr. Harman knew:—

> For a man of quality to be known as a writer of plays would mean social disgrace and, if he was an aspirant for a public position, ruin. To publish poems was regarded as beneath the dignity of a gentleman or even of a man of superior education.

Conclusive, is it not? Let us allow that Bacon's avowed translations of the Psalms were not exactly poetry; but Sir Philip Sidney was of far nobler birth than Francis Bacon, yet the Elizabethans (who had not our inside knowledge of the Baconian facts) believed him to be the author of Arcadia and the Sonnets, without ceasing to regard him as the paragon of the age. Sir Walter Raleigh was notoriously a poet; so was Fulke Greville, Lord Brooke; Sir John Davies, a judge, published poetry and was congratulated on it by King James I.; Thomas Sackville, Earl of Dorset, was so infatuated as to produce his play Ferrex and Porrex before Queen Elizabeth; Sir John Suckling, a fine gentleman and courtier, produced his plays before King Charles I.; Francis Beaumont was the son of a judge; Cyril Tourneur was a King's Messenger; Sir Henry Wootton—an ambassador—published poems in his lifetime. The list might be extended, for it is set down merely from memory and without consulting any reference works; but what do such facts matter to a gently obstinate theorist?

There are some staggering literary judgments in this book. Here is one:—

> Let us first return to the Rosalynde, 1590, on which Shakespeare's As You Like It is founded. It is an exquisite piece of work, so much so that I think it gives one more pleasure to read than the play.

Lodge's Rosalind and Shakespeare's As You Like It are (of course) both by Bacon; but the point to note is that there can be no doubt that the play is in every respect superior to the novel.

(In referring again to Mr. Harman's note on Lodge, I have just noticed that he spelled Lyly in inverted commas, as he spelled the names of all the other people who are really Bacon. So Euphues must go down as Bacon's, too; in fact, Mr. Harman apparently held that *all* the better Euphuistic novels were by Bacon.)

It is quite impossible to take these wild notions seriously; they carry their own refutation in their own absurdity, but the difficulty is that to refute them *seriatim* would demand a volume larger than that refuted; and what scholar would waste his time on such a task? I am but an amateur in these matters, yet I have been able to mark fallacy after fallacy in Mr. Harman's elaborate arguments The whole thing is a critical cloud-cuckoo-land, a figment, a dream. Yet is it not lamentable that a man should waste time and knowledge upon composing futile critical heresies doomed to oblivion and contempt? It is physically impossible that Bacon could have lived his own crowded life, legal, political, philosophical, literary, and at the same time produce this vast bulk of miscellaneous work of all degrees of merit in many different forms, wrok which alone exceeds the amount producved in a long lifetime (eighty-four years) by the indefatigable Voltaire; and is it humanly credible that all those "ghosts" should keep the secret inviolably, leave no written account of it, and that not only all contemporaries but all posterity except one or two individuals should have been deluded? Yet Mr. Harman perhaps performed a service in writing this odd book; by carrying the Bacon theory far into the realms of absurdity he shows us how cautious, how supersceptical, we must be in entertaining these over-ingenious and persuasive theories. When positive and irrefutable evidence is lacking, the way is open to a multitude of heresies; for the mind of man is subtle, obstinate, and perversely ingenious.

RICHARD ALDINGTON.

Fiction Brief

Confusion, by James Gould Cozzens. Boston: B. J. Brimmer Company. $2.00.

THOUGH written by one who is still an undergraduate at Harvard, this full length novel bears but few marks of artistic imaturity. At intervals the author becomes a little too obviously well lettered and the first half of the book—where people drop glibly in from Paris, St. Petersburg, Budapest, Madrid, Algiers and Vienna—betrays somewhat over frankly his familiarity with the lands that bound the Seven Seas. In occasional paragraphs, too, his characters are forced to stand aside in order to provide a kind of right of way for the passage of a full freighted idea. Yet there are undeniably minor features and may justifiably be interpreted as glowing promises of future achievement, rather than present faults . . . Mr. Cozzens handles his narrative with an assured skill. He has an abundant sense of drama, and his climaxes rise sharply and vigorously from balanced, plausible situations. One is tempted to say that his last twenty pages could scarcely have been written better.

R. B. F.

Contributors

"BEAULIEU" is the pseudonym of a French engineer who has had occasion to make a close study of the Dawes plan on behalf of an important financial group.

SIDNEY HOWARD, journalist and playwright, was, during the War, captain in the U. S. Air Service and Flight Commander of the 20th Aero Squadron. His new book, Three Flights Up, will be published by Scribner's this fall.

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